Comforting Melodies

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Combined

By C. V. STRICKLAND

40 Cents

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C6
1901

LMORE MUSIC HOUSE

3 Elm Street, CINCINNATI, O.

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In Memory of

Comforting Melodies

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Combined

By C. V. STRICKLAND

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PREFACE

In this Combination of Comforting Melodies Nos. 1, 2 and 3, there is a large collection of music for funeral and Memorial Services. The great favor with which these "Melodies" have been received assures us that the combined work will be accepted with even greater appreciation.

We send forth these "Songs for the Night of Sorrow" to comfort the heavy-hearted and direct all to the home beyond.

THE AUTHORS.

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There is Death.

M. WARNER. C. V. STRICKLAND.

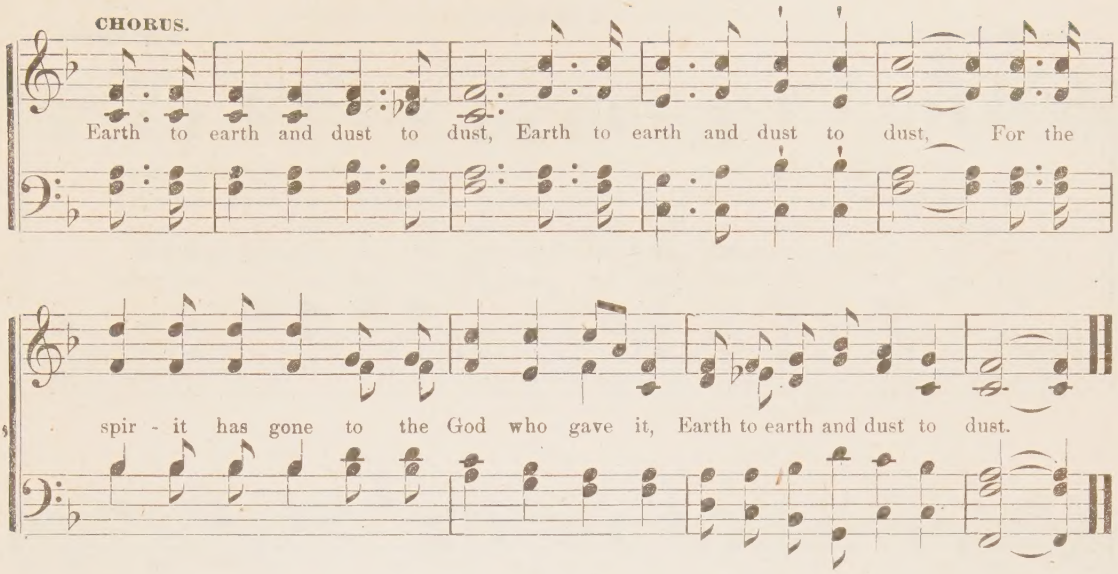
1. There is death for this bod - y of mine, When up - ward my soul takes its flight,
2. There is death for this bod - y of mine, And all that per - tains to this life;
3. There is death for this bod - y of mine, The husk 'round the ker - nel so fair,
And en - ters the re - gion of glo - ry sub-lime, Where com-eth no shad - ow of night.
The hopes and the plans that are build-ed on time Are o - ver when end-eth its strife.
Must break ere 'tis plant-ed by God in yon clime, To grow 'neath his fos - ter - ing care.
REFRAIN.
There is death for this bod - y of mine, As dust it shall be in the earth,
Un - til the Arch - an - gel thro' pow - er di - vine, Shall call it a - gain in - to birth.

Earth to Earth.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

Contralto Solo.

1. The sil - ver chord is loos - ened, And brok - en is the gold - en bowl, . . A
2. We lov'd her, but she left us, Her spir - it has re-turned to God, . . And
ves - sel from life's o - cean Has found - ered on the rock - y shoal; . . 'Tis
there she waits to greet us In wel - come to that blest a - bode, . . . Where
dust to dust be-neath the sod, . . . A spir - it has re-turned to God; . . 'Tis
death shall nev-er part us more, . . Up - on that bright e - ter - nal shore; . . Why
Rit.
God who gave and God a - lone can save Her nev - er, nev - er dy - ing soul. . . . .
should we weep, for she is fast asleep, To wak - en in the Saviour's arms. . .


CHORUS.
Earth to earth and dust to dust, Earth to earth and dust to dust, For the
spir - it has gone to the God who gave it, Earth to earth and dust to dust.

Submission.

REV. D. E. MILLARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. An - oth - er friend has left us, An - oth - er call been giv'n, Once more hath death be-
2. Christ meets us in our sor - row, Nor will his love de - part; There is a bright to-
reft us; Our hearts with pain are riv'n, And yet we will not murmur, Since God Him-
mor - row, To glad - den each sad heart; Oh, may we trust our Sav - ior, Who died that
self is just; Al - though the cup is bit - ter, Sub - mis sive - ly we trust.
we might live, He will for-sake us nev - er, Oh, trust Him, he'll for - give.

Our Loved Ones Gone Before.

(QUARTET.)

REV. R H. MCDANIEL. R. S. HANNA.

Tenderly.

1. Our loved ones who in Je - sus sleep, Have gained a bright - er shore,
2. 'Tis sweet to know while here we lay Their bod - ies 'neath the sod,
3. From sin, temp - ta - tion, pain and care, They rest for - ev - er - more,
4. We nev - er shall for - get their love, Or cease to hold them dear,
5. And since we heard their last good-night, E'en this has been our prayer,
And so for them we need not weep, They're on - ly gone be - fore.
That their dear spir - its passed a - way, To dwell at home with God.
And crowns of glo - ry now they wear, On that ce - les - tial shore.
For they are ours, tho' gone a - bove, As when they blessed us here.
That we may hear, in realms of light, Their sweet good morn - ing there.
CHORUS.
Gone . . . . . be - fore, ... To dwell be - yond the sky; . . They're
Gone be - fore, gone be - fore,
Rit. - - -
wait - - ing for us there, We'll meet them by - and - by. . . . .
wait-ing for me and for you o - ver there, We'll meet them by - and - by, by-and-by.

A Brother Gone.

(Suitable for a funeral of a deceased member of any order.)

M. WARNER. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. A broth - er from our midst has gone, And while we must our loss de - plore,
2. He was a broth - er, com-rade, friend, Whose worth we will in mem - 'ry bear,
3. There is a sol - ace in the thought That our dear broth - er has a claim
4. Earth's ties shall sev - er one by one, And hopes shall bright - en to de - cay;
The "veil" for him has been with - drawn, He sees, and walks the shin - ing shore.
Till life for each has reached its end, And we a glad re - un - ion share.
On all the joys Christ's blood has bought, For those who own and love his name.
But if our rec - ord be "well done," They'll live a - gain in God's own way.
REFRAIN.
A - way, a - way in yon fair land, We'll meet our broth - er by and by,
And be no more a bro - ken band—We'll meet him by and by.

Ring the Bell Softly.

D. W. CRIST.

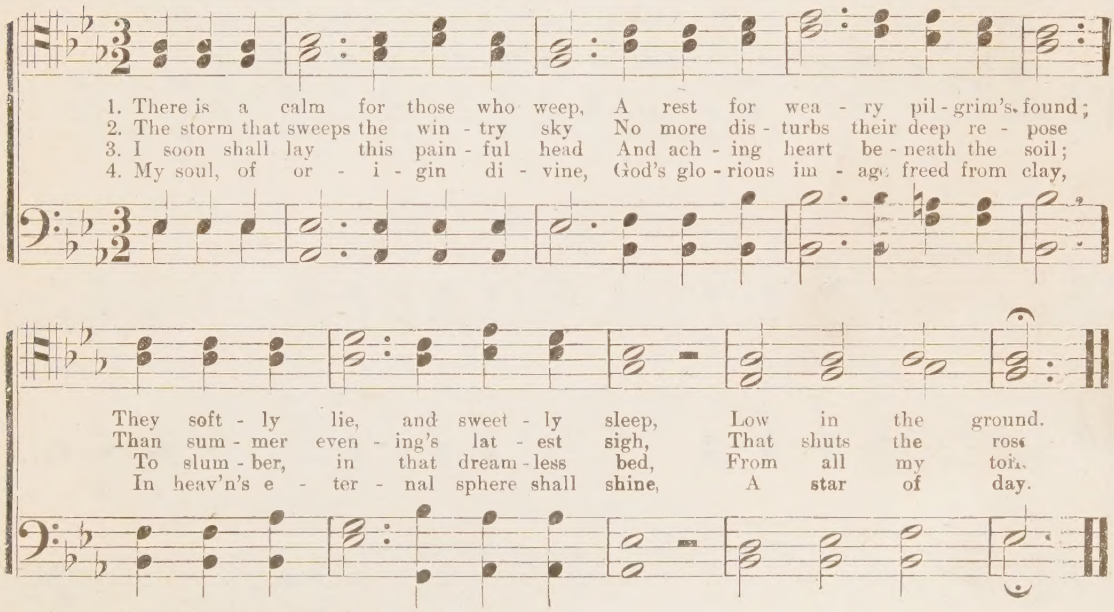
Slowly.
1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours, No more to gath - er its
2. Some one is rest - ing from sor - row and sin, Hap - py where earth - ly strife
3. An - gels were anx - ious - ly long - ing to meet One who walks with them on
thorns with its flow'rs; No more to lin - ger where sun - beams must fade,
en - ters not in; Joy - ous as birds when the morn - ing is bright,
yon gold - en street; Loved ones have whis - pered that some one is blest,
Where on all beau - ty death's fin - gers are laid; Wea - ry with min - gling life's
When the bright sunbeams have brought us their light; Wea - ry with sow - ing and
Free from all tri - als and tak - ing sweet rest. Yes, there's an - oth - er in
bit - ter with sweet, Wea - ry with part - ing and nev - er to meet;
nev - er to reap. Wea - ry with la - bor and wel - com - ing sleep;
an - gel - ic bliss, One less to cher - ish and one less to kiss;
Some one has gone to that bright gold - en shore, Ring the bell soft - ly, there's
Some one's de - part - ed to heav-en's bright shore, Ring the bell soft - ly, there's
One more de - part - ed to heav-en's bright shore, Ring the bell soft - ly, there's

From "Banner of Love," by per.

CHORUS.
crape on the door. Ring the bell soft - - ly,
Soft - ly, soft - ly, there's crape on the door,
soft - - ly, soft - - ly, Ring it soft - er now than
Ring the bell soft - ly, there's crape on the door,
e'er 'twas rang be - fore, Ring it ver - y soft - ly, there's crape on the door.

There is a Calm.

(For Male Voices.) J. H. TENNEY.


1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil - grim's found;
2. The storm that sweeps the win - try sky No more dis - turbs their deep re - pose
3. I soon shall lay this pain - ful head And ach - ing heart be - neath the soil;
4. My soul, of or - i - gin di - vine, God's glo - rious im - age freed from clay,
They soft - ly lie, and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground.
Than sum - mer even - ing's lat - est sigh, That shuts the ross
To slum - ber, in that dream - less bed, From all my toil.
In heav'n's e - ter - nal sphere shall shine, A star of day.

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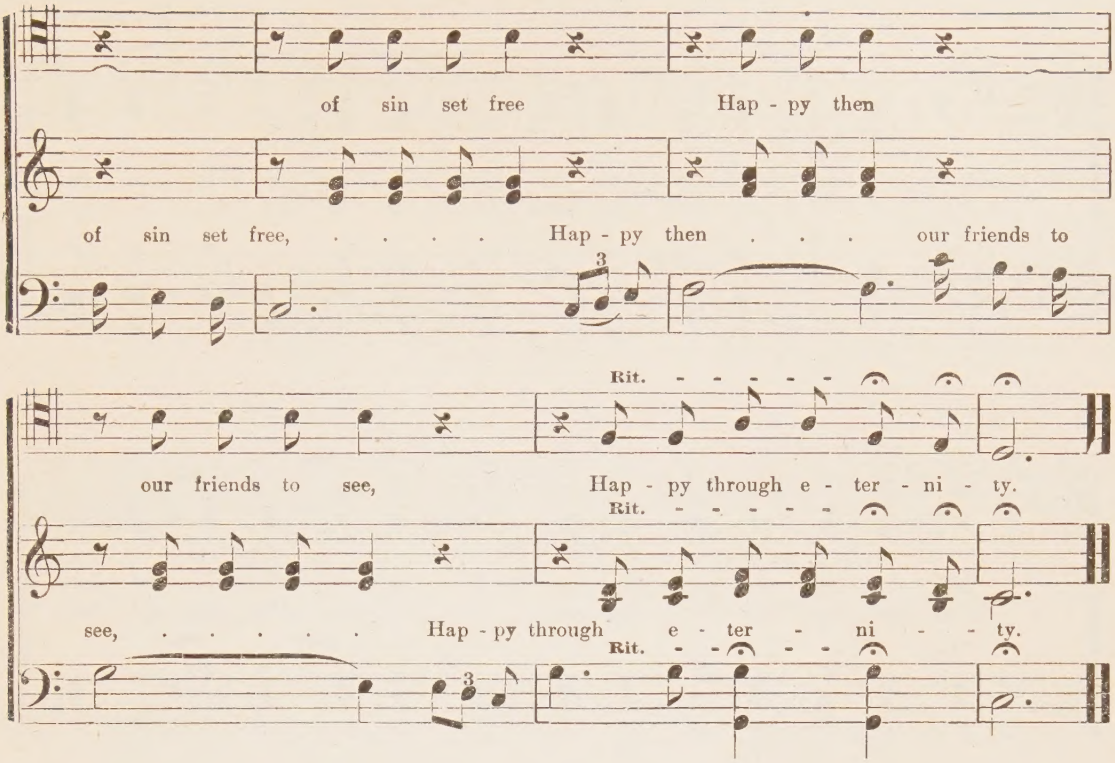
Will it be Our Welcome?

"Well done, good and faithful servant."—MATT. 25 : 21.

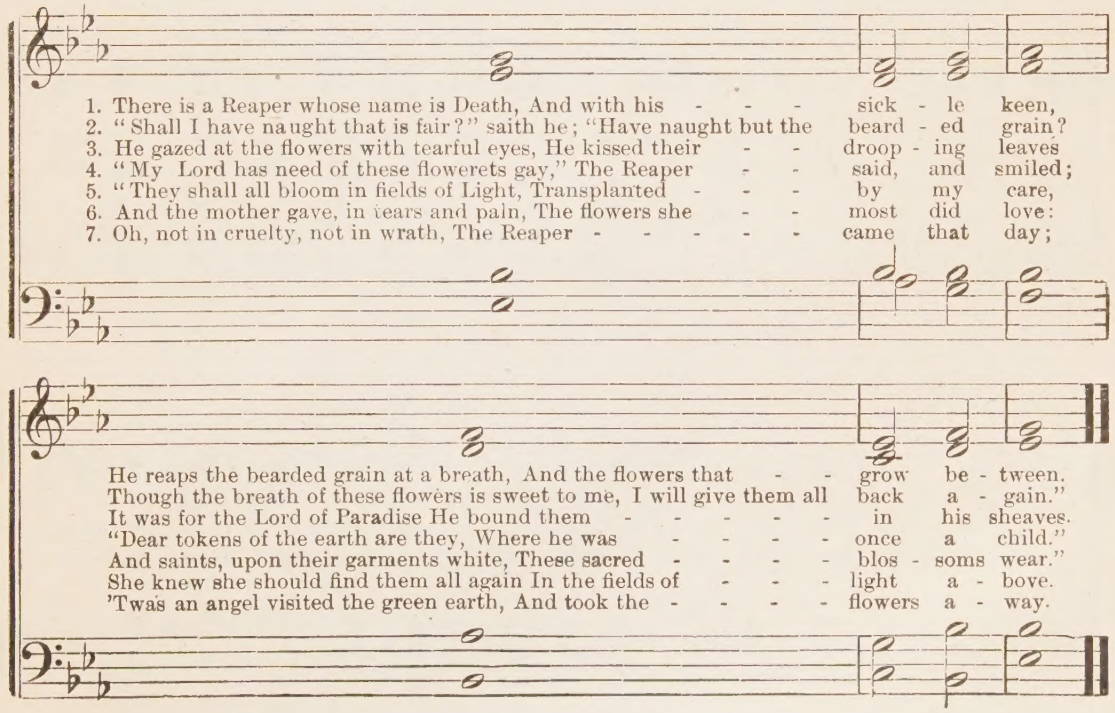
REV. D. E. MILLARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. When the words "Time is no more," Greet us from the oth - er shore, When our earth - ly race is
2. Err - ing one, renounce thy sin, Seek Christ's pard - 'ning grace to win! He can cleanse and He can
run, Will the Mas - ter say "well done?" Shall we wear the vic - tor's crown, When we
save; On the cross His life He gave— To re - deem from sin's sad doom: Fol - low
gath - er at the throne? Yes, we may, and find a home Where no bit - ter grief will come.
Him, and gain a home With the pure and blest a - bove, Where He reigns, the Prince of Love.
CHORUS.
Hap - py then our souls will be, From the grasp
Hap - py then . . . . . our souls will be, ... From the grasp . . .


of sin set free Hap - py then
of sin set free, ... Hap - py then . . . our friends to
Rit. - - - - - -
our friends to see, Hap - py through e - ter - ni - ty.
Rit. - - - - - -
see, ... Hap - py through e - ter - ni - - ty.
Rit. - - - - -
3
3

The Reaper and the Flowers.

H. W. Longfellow. W. T. Giffe.


1. There is a Reaper whose name is Death, And with his - - - sick - le keen,
2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he; "Have naught but the beard - ed grain?
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their - - droop - ing leaves
4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The Reaper - - said, and smiled;
5. "They shall all bloom in fields of Light, Transplanted - - - by my care,
6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she - - most did love:
7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper - - - - - came that day;
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that - - grow be - tween.
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them all back a - gain."
It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them - - - - - in his sheaves.
"Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was - - - - once a child."
And saints, upon their garments white, These sacred - - - - blos - soms wear."
She knew she should find them all again In the fields of - - - light a - bove.
'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the - - - - flowers a - way.

Lay Me Away.

M. W. N.

MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. Lay me gen - tly down to rest, Gath - er round, who loved me best;
2. Sing of Je - sus, heav - en, home, And the bles - sed life to come;
Tell my dear ones not to weep, Je - sus will His faith - ful keep.
Pray and sing, but do not weep, Je - sus will His faith - sul keep.
Ten - der - ly lay me down to sleep, Nev - er more to wake or weep;
Lov - ing - ly in His arms to sleep, Safe from fear and sor - row deep;
Je - sus watch will ev - er keep, Lay me down in peace to sleep.
Faith - ful watch He'll ev - er keep, Lay me down in peace to sleep.

Pa-tient-ly lay me a-way, Ten-der-ly sing me to sleep;
Pa-tient-ly lay me a-way, Ten-der-ly sing me to sleep;
Sing me to sleep;
Lov-ing-ly lay me down, Sing, oh, sing, but do not weep!
Lov-ing-ly, gent-ly lay me down,
mem-'ry long, Like my Sav-ior, for-get my wrong;
Hold me in thy mem-'ry long, Sav-ior for-get my wrong;
Pray'r-ful-ly ask him me to keep, Lay me down in peace to sleep'

Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

BONAR. W. H. BURGETT.

1. Be - yond the smil-ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
3. Be - yond the part-ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
4. Be - yond the frost chain and the fev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing,
Be - yond the shi - ing and the shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dread - ing,
Be - yond the fare-well and the greet - ing, Be - yond the pul - s'es fev - er beat - ing,
Be - yond the rock wastland the riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er and the nev - er,
REFRAIN.
I shall be soon, I shall be soon, Love rest at home!
m
Cres.
f
Dim.
Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

Copyright, W. T. GIFFE.

W. A. Ogden. W. T. Giffe.

1. One by one the lov - ing Mas - ter, Bids his tir - ed reap - ers
2. One by one they drop their sick - les, Tho' the har - vest fields are
3. One by one they join the cho - rus, Of the bless - ed ones a
Dim.
come, To the glad feast of re - joic - ing, In the pal - ace halls of home.
white; They have heard the Mas - ter's sum - mons, Waft - ed from the halls of light.
bove; Tun - ing heart and voice to - geth - er, In the might - y song of love.
p REFRAIN.
One by one, yes, one by one, Earth - ly life and vis - ion fail,
Dim.
Then up - on our rap - tured sight, Bursts the pal - ace in the vale.

Going Home.

M. W. N.

Rev. M. W. Nethercutt.

Grave. Legato. Moderato.

1. One by one, they go! go - ing heav'nward! Leav - ing us so sad and low;
2. Day by day they go! go - ing heav'nward! Leav - ing us to fol - low them;

p *pp* *p*

Christ our Shep-herd calls; and they're go - ing, Go - ing fast, Our loved and own.
Call - ing us to come, oh, they're go - ing, Go - ing fast, Oh, fol - low them!

Go - ing, go - ing, yes, they're go - ing fast! Go - ing to their last long sleep!
Go - ing, go - ing, yes, they're go - ing fast! Gain - ing now a rest com - plete!

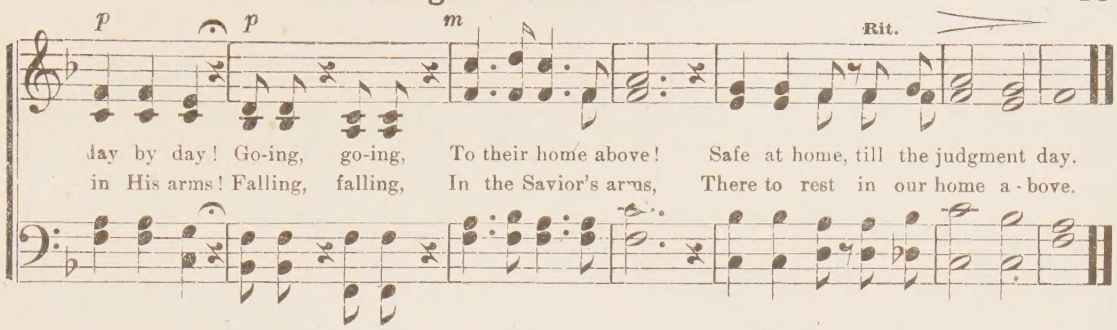
m *p* Rall.

Answering to the call of Christ their King, Leav - ing us in si - lence deep!
Beck'ning us to fol - low them a - bove, Leav - ing us in sor - row deep!

CHORUS.

p *m* *p* *m*

Go - ing, go - ing, one by one, Yes, one by one! An-gels waft them home, In the Savior's love.
Fall-ing, fall-ing, one by one, Yes, one by one! Angels guide them home, Ev - er-more to rest.


p
p
m
Rit.
day by day! Go-ing, go-ing, To their home above! Safe at home, till the judgment day.
in His arms! Falling, falling, In the Savior's arms, There to rest in our home a-bove.

Mournfully, Tearfully.

(DIRGE.)

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. 14 : 13.

MRS. A. E. THOMPSON. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Slow, with expression.

1. Mourn - ful - ly, tear - ful - ly, Hear the bell toll, Mourn-ful - ly, sol - emn - ly,
2. Tear - ful - ly, ten - der - ly, Gaze on her face, Of all earth's dark sor - rows
3. Si - lent - ly, ten - der - ly, Where the birds sing, And where the sweet blos - soms
4. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Press down the sod, She's at rest now on the
Its num - bers roll, In grief o'er the sleep - er So still and
There's not a trace; But a peace on - ly giv'n To hearts all
Come with the spring, With moss - es to cov - er Her pil - low
Bos - om of God, Where bright days of sum - mer Ne'er fade at
white, And o'er the pale weep - er In sor - row's night.
pure, The sweet peace of heav - en That shall en - dure.
blest, And blue skies a - bove her, Lay her to rest.
eve, No sin to o'er - come her, No cares to grieve.

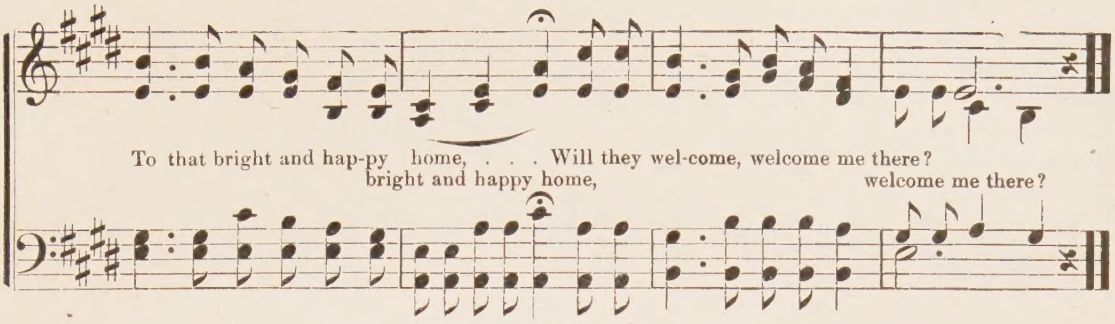
From "Brightest Glory," by per.

Will They Welcome Me There?

VIOLET E. KING. D. W. CRIST.

1. When my earth - ly life is end - ed, And I leave the shores of time,
2. When with joy is cast the an - chor Safe be - yond the swell - ing tide,
Will my soul re - ceive a wel - come, In that fair and hap - py clime?
Shall I hear sweet words of greet - ing, O - ver on the oth - er side?
When I've passed the lone - ly cross - ing Of the dark and si - lent sea,
Yes, me - thinks some-one will lin - ger Out up - on the heav'n-ly way,
When my voy - ag - ing is o - ver, Will they kind - ly wel - come me?
And will bid me glad - ly wel - come To that Home of end - less day.
CHORUS.
Will they wel-come me there? Will they wel-come me there?
welcome me there? welcome me there?

From "Banner of Love," by per.



Among the Lilies.

NETTIE COLE KING. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. A - mong the state - ly lil - ies, That in earth's garden grew, A ti - ny bud un -
2. A - mong the state - ly lil - ies, In the cool of e - ven - tide, The Mas - ter of the
3. A - mong the state - ly lil - ies, Is the perfume of Christ's breath, And the sweet-est one is
fold - ed, Sur - pass - ing fair to view. Most care - ful - ly 'twas nur - tured, And
gar - den This love - ly bud es - pied; He stooped, and bend - ing o'er it, He
miss - ing, Un - til there shall be no death. But in God's up - per gar - den, Bloom-
watched o'er ev-'ry hour, Lest something should despoil it, From its growth to per - fect flow'r.
plucked it from the stem, And placed it on his bo - som, To a - dorn his di - a - dem.
ing in heav-en's air, This bud is now un - fold - ing, Safe in the Mas-ter's care.

Sleep On.

FLORA H. CASSEL.

P QUARTET. Andante.

1. Sleep soft, true heart, and slum - ber well, And rest from sor - row's drear - y
2. Sleep soft, dear heart, thy gen - tle life Has passed the boun - d'ry line of
3. Sleep soft, oh gen - tle heart, and sweet The pas - sage of thy years so

spell, ...
strife, ...
fleet, ...

DUET.

sor - row's drear - y spell, No more thy tears of grief shall flow, No
boun - d'ry line of strife, And like a flow'r crushed in its prime, Leaves
of thy years so fleet, E - ter - ni - ty's un - bro - ken band, Shall

spell, ...
strife, ...
fleet, ...

QUARTET.

more thou'lt feel earth's bit - ter woe. But pure and calm and bright and strong,
fra - grant mem - o - ries be - hind. A - down the years thy loved will bear
cir - cle thee with gold - en strand, And hap - py a - ges roll a - long

pp *ppp*

Thy hap - py years shall glide a - long. Sleep on, sleep on.
Re - mem - brance of thy life so fair. Sleep on, sleep on.
In floods of glad, an - gel - ic song. Sleep on, sleep on

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Hallowed Rest.

E. ROBERTS.

1. There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe, Where tri - als nev - er
2. Look up, ye saints of God, Nor fear to tread be - low The path your Savior
come, Nor tears of sor - row flow; Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is
trod, Of dai - ly toil and woe; Wait but a lit - tle while, In un-com-plain-ing
crowned, And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ries throw a - round.
love, His own most gra - cious smile Shall wel - come you a - bove.
REFRAIN.
There re - main - eth a rest, A rest for the peo - ple of God;
Hal - lowed rest, sweet and best, The rest for the peo - ple of God.

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From "People's Anthems," by permission.

Over the River.

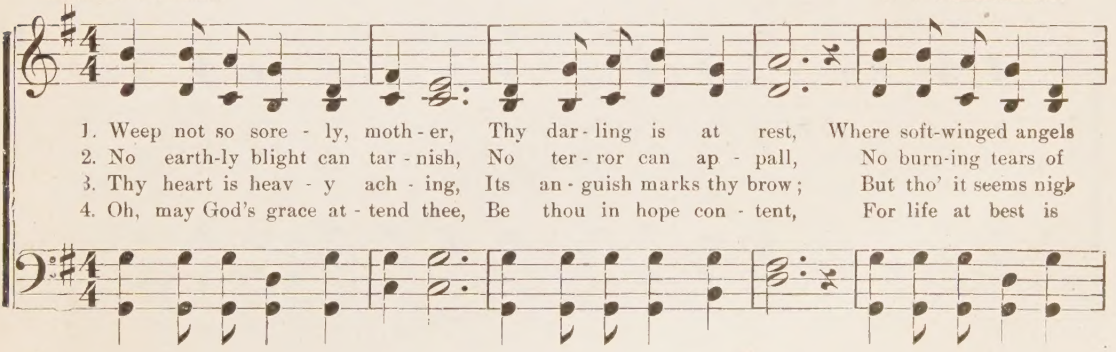
MRS. M. WARNER. P. J. JOHN.

1. O - ver the riv - er a dear one has passed, Its dark, seeth-ing wat - ers gave
2. O - ver the riv - er and free from all pain, Where gleams heaven's beau - ty dai-
3. O - ver the riv - er we soon, too will go, To that hap - py land where grief
him no fear, For Je - sus stood read - y his hand to hold fast, And
ly a - new, 'Tis there, O ye mourn-ers, thy loved one has gained, The
has no share, And this is the com - fort that then we shall know, The
guid - ed him safe to the hav - en so near. O - - - - - ver, the
vic - t'ry o'er death and a life that is true.
dear ones we mourn will be wait - ing us there. O - ver the riv - er the
riv - - - - er gleams the bright shore.
beau - ti - ful riv - er, gleams the bright beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful shore

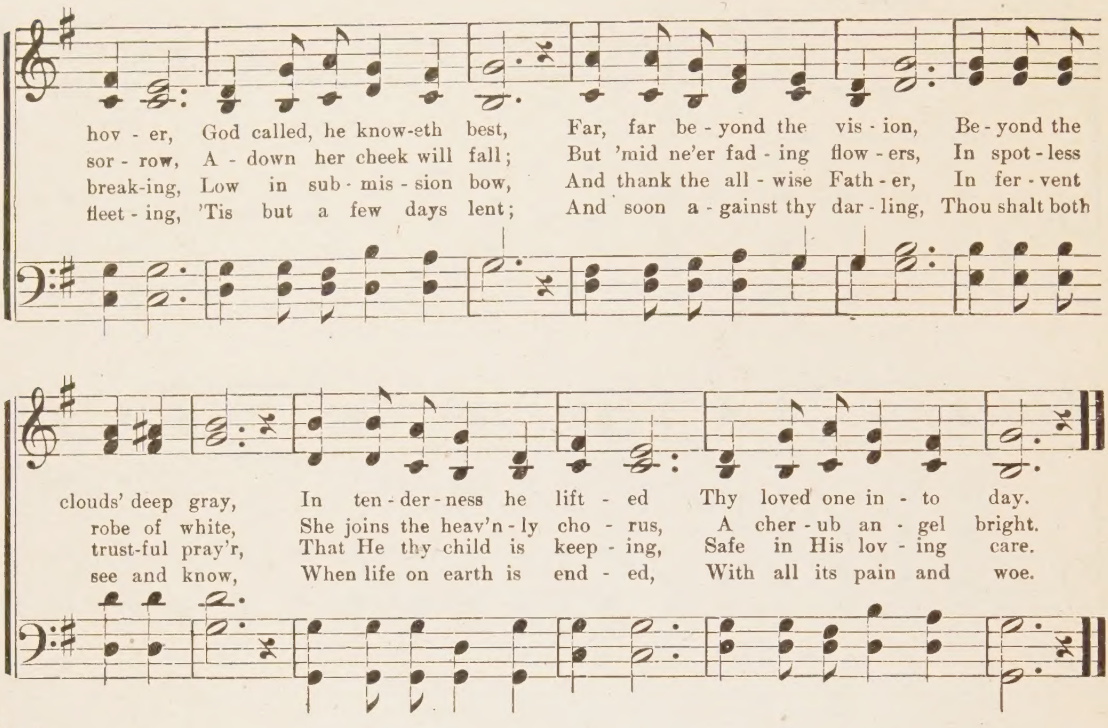
Where . . . . . we shall meet . . . . . to part nev - er more.
Where we shall meet to part nev - er more,
O - - - - ver the Riv - - - er; O - - - - ver the
O - ver the Riv - er, the beau - ti - ful Riv - er, O - ver the Riv - er, the
Riv - - - er, O - ver the Riv - er, We'll part nev - er more.
beau - ti - ful Riv - er,

Darling is at Rest.

MRS. M. WARNER. C. V. STRICKLAND.

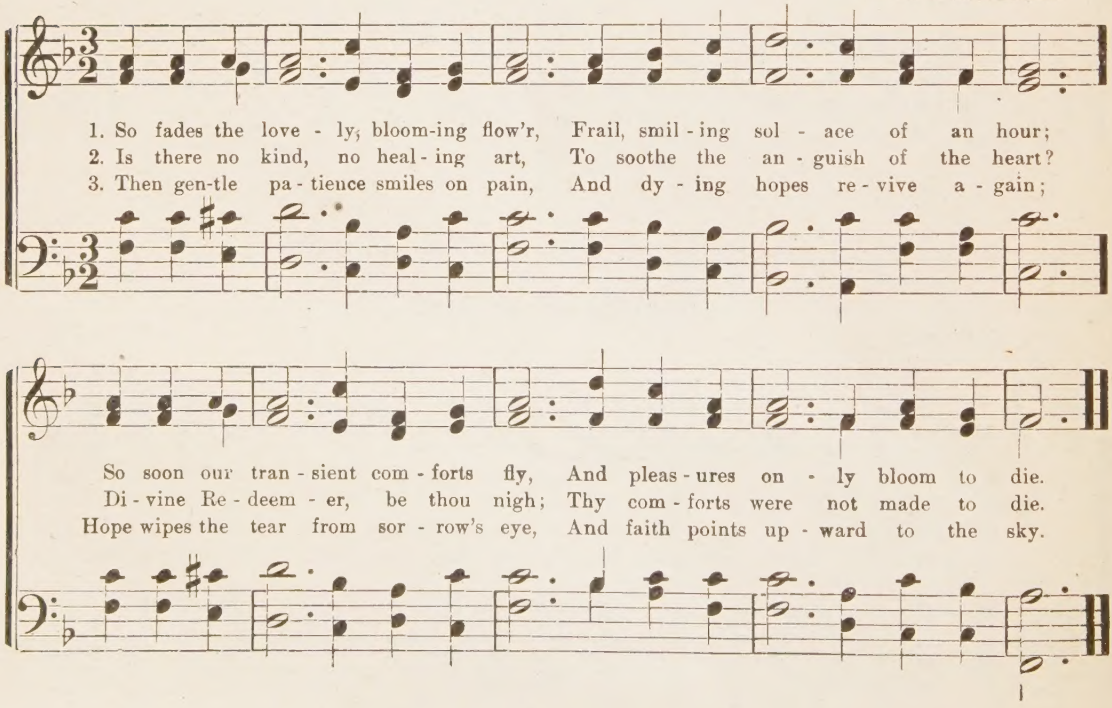

1. Weep not so sore - ly, moth - er, Thy dar - ling is at rest, Where soft-winged angels
2. No earth-ly blight can tar - nish, No ter - ror can ap - pall, No burn-ing tears of
3. Thy heart is heav - y ach - ing, Its an - guish marks thy brow; But tho' it seems nigh
4. Oh, may God's grace at - tend thee, Be thou in hope con - tent, For life at best is

Darling is at Rest. Concluded.


hov - er, God called, he know-eth best, Far, far be - yond the vis - ion, Be - yond the
sor - row, A - down her cheek will fall; But 'mid ne'er fad - ing flow - ers, In spot - less
break-ing, Low in sub - mis - sion bow, And thank the all - wise Fath - er, In fer - vent
fleet - ing, 'Tis but a few days lent; And soon a - gainst thy dar - ling, Thou shalt both
clouds' deep gray, In ten - der - ness he lift - ed Thy loved one in - to day.
robe of white, She joins the heav'n - ly cho - rus, A cher - ub an - gel bright.
trust-ful pray'r, That He thy child is keep - ing, Safe in His lov - ing care.
see and know, When life on earth is end - ed, With all its pain and woe.

So Fades the Blooming Flower.

A. B. WOOLVERTON.


1. So fades the love - ly, bloom-ing flow'r, Frail, smil - ing sol - ace of an hour;
2. Is there no kind, no heal - ing art, To soothe the an - guish of the heart?
3. Then gen-tle pa - tience smiles on pain, And dy - ing hopes re - vive a - gain;
So soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And pleas - ures on - ly bloom to die.
Di - vine Re - deem - er, be thou nigh; Thy com - forts were not made to die.
Hope wipes the tear from sor - row's eye, And faith points up - ward to the sky.

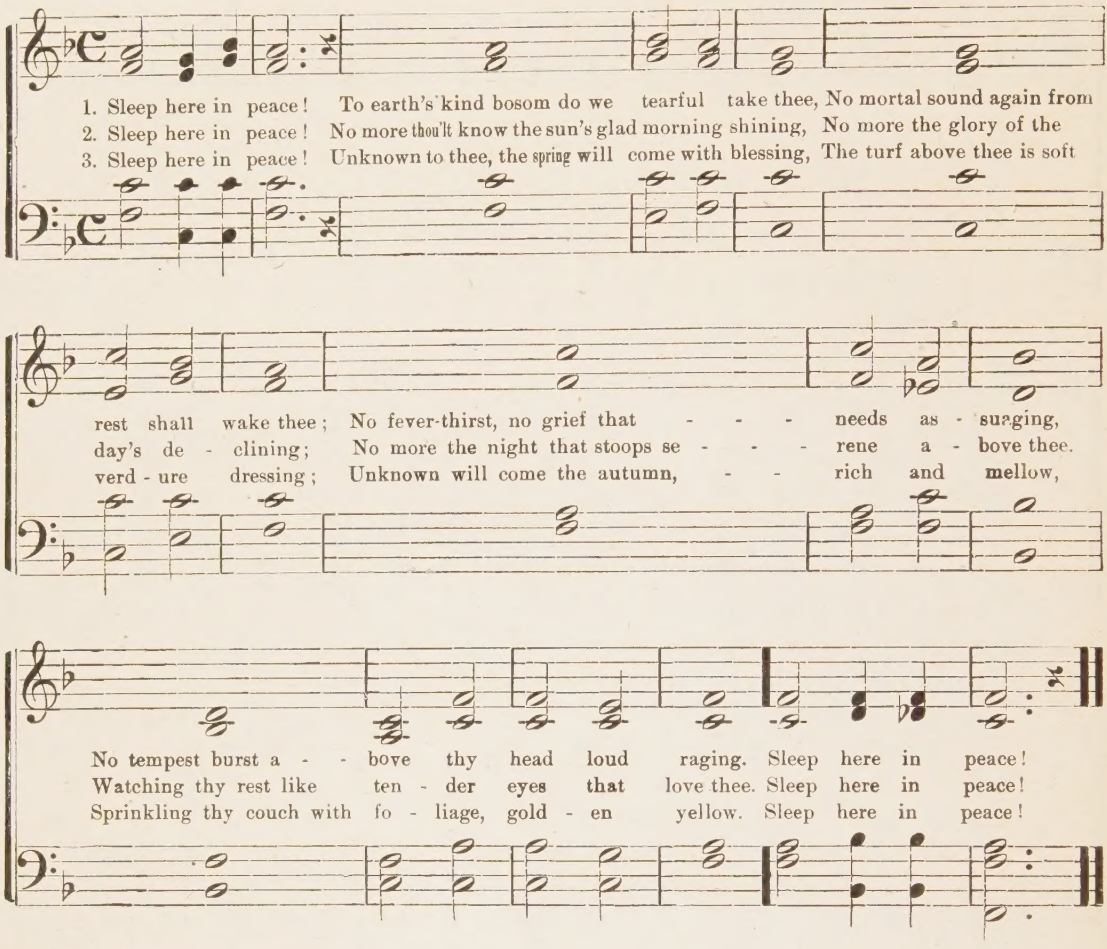
Our Departed Loved Ones.

R. M. McDaniel. C. V. Strickland.

1. It is sweet in our be - reave-ment, To re - peat the sto - ry true,
2. They are gone from earth for - ev - er,— Gone from sor - row, toil and pain,
3. While our hearts are filled with sad - ness, As we think that they are gone,
4. Just a - cross the mys - tic riv - er, In their heav'n - ly home so fair,
5. When we reach the si - lent riv - er, They will come to bear us o'er
Of our loved ones who've de - part - ed To the land be - yond the blue.
Gone to heav'n, where death shall nev - er Sev - er friend from friend a - gain.
They're re - joic - ing in the glad - ness Of their bright ce - les - tial home.
They are wait - ing for our com - ing, And will bid us wel - come there.
To that land of fade - less beau - ty Where we'll part with them no more.
REFRAIN.
They are safe . . . . at home in glo - - - ry, And have joined . . . the
They are safe at home in glo - ry, And have joined
An - gel band E'er to sing . . . the old, old
the an - gel band, E'er to sing
sto - ry, In that far . . . . off bet - ter laud.
the old, old sto - ry, In that far off bet - ter land, bet - ter land

Sleep Here in Peace.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. — W. H. Pontius.


1. Sleep here in peace! To earth's kind bosom do we tearful take thee, No mortal sound again from
2. Sleep here in peace! No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning shining, No more the glory of the
3. Sleep here in peace! Unknown to thee, the spring will come with blessing, The turf above thee is soft
rest shall wake thee; No fever-thirst, no grief that needs as - suaging,
day's de - clining; No more the night that stoops se - rene a - bove thee.
verd - ure dressing; Unknown will come the autumn, rich and mellow,
No tempest burst a - bove thy head loud raging. Sleep here in peace!
Watching thy rest like ten - der eyes that love thee. Sleep here in peace!
Sprinkling thy couch with fo - liage, gold - en yellow. Sleep here in peace!

4 Sleep here in peace!
This is earth's rest for all her | broken | hearted,
Where she has garnered up our | dear de | parted;
The prattling babe, the wife, the | old man | hoary,
The tired of human | life, the | crowned with | glory.
Sleep here in peace!

5 Sleep here in peace!
This is the gate for thee to | walk im | mortal,
This is the entrance to the | pearly | portal;
The pathway trod by saints and | sages | olden,
Whose feet now walk Je | rusa | lem the | golden.
Sleep here in peace!

6 Sleep here in peace!
For not on earth shall be man's | rest e | ternal:
Faith's morn shall come! Each setting | sun di | urnal,
Each human sleeping, and each | human | waking,
Hastens the day that | shall on | earth be | breaking.
Sleep here in peace!

7 Sleep here in peace!
Faith's morn shall come! when He, our | Lord and | Maker,
Shall claim His own that slumber | in God's | Acre;
When He, who once for man death's | anguish tasted,
Shall show death's gloomy | realm de | spoiled and | wasted!
Sleep here in peace!

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Our Treasures.

M. E. Servoss. S. W. Straub.

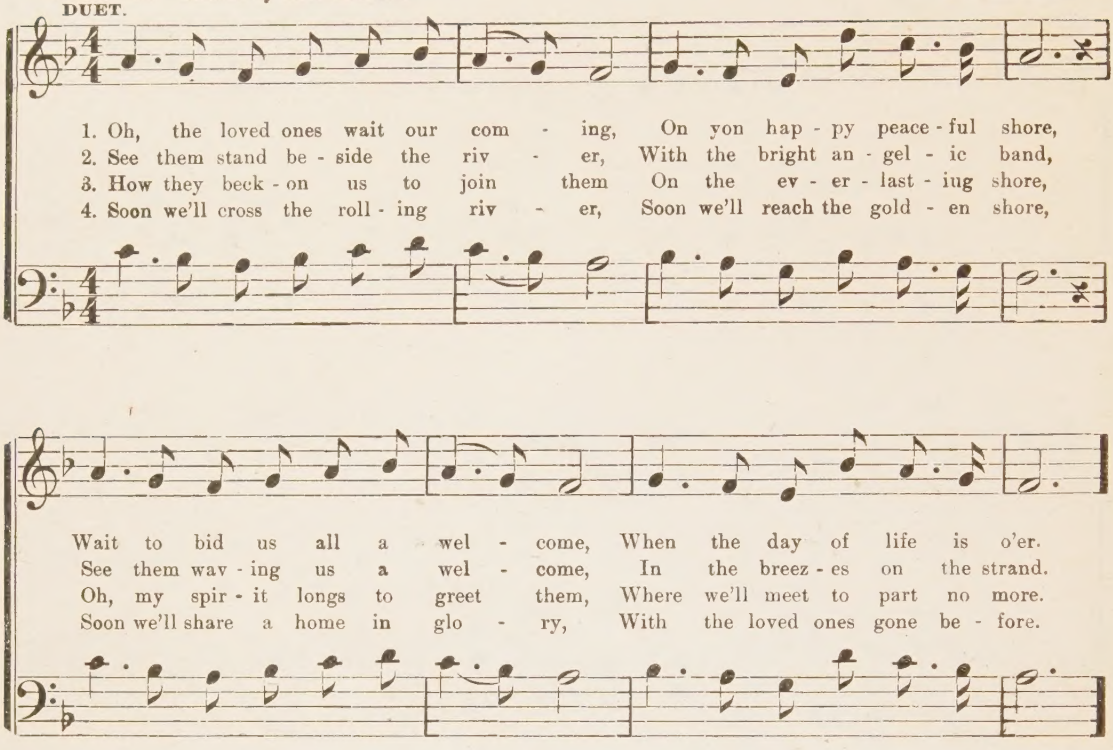
1. Gent - ly as the winds of au - tumn, Car - ry far the tint - ed leaf,
2. As we weave the au - tumn treas - ures, In - to wreaths of col - ors bright,
3. As we keep the rich - est leaf - lets, Till an - oth - er spring shall come,
So the an - gel reap - er com - ing, Bore a - way our gold - en sheaf;
So the Mas - ter sets our jew - els, In his hal - lowed crown of light;
So our Fa - ther keeps our dar - lings, Till we reach our heav'n-ly home;
Up to the e - ter - nal sum - mer, To a land all bright and fair,
There they shine in wond - 'rous beau - ty, Where no moth nor rust de - cay,
There with - in the gates so pearl - y, We shall find them hand in hand,
Where no storm-clouds ev - er gath - er, We shall find it gar-nered there.
Treas - ures in our Fa - ther's king - dom, Safe thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
Wait - ing for us in the spring-time, Of that oth - er, hap - py land.

From "Anthem Treasures," by permission.

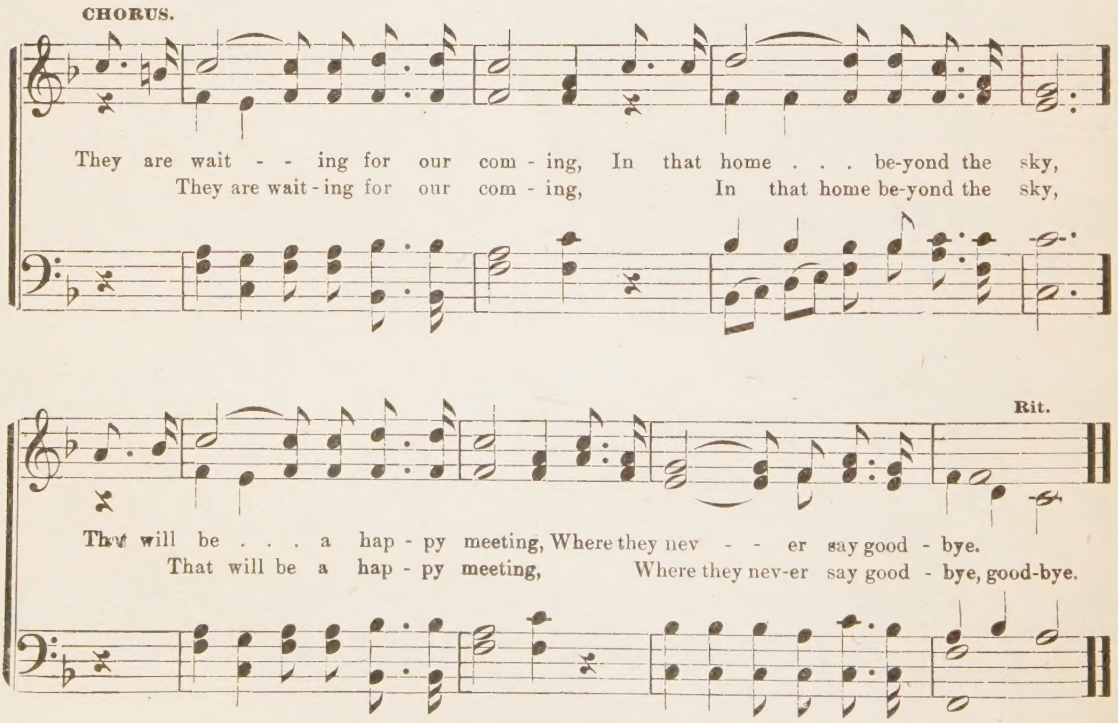
They are Waiting.

Words Arr. Chorus by R. S. HANNA. R. S. HANNA.

DUET.


1. Oh, the loved ones wait our com - ing, On yon hap - py peace - ful shore,
2. See them stand be - side the riv - er, With the bright an - gel - ic band,
3. How they beck - on us to join them On the ev - er - last - ing shore,
4. Soon we'll cross the roll - ing riv - er, Soon we'll reach the gold - en shore,
Wait to bid us all a wel - come, When the day of life is o'er.
See them wav - ing us a wel - come, In the breez - es on the strand.
Oh, my spir - it longs to greet them, Where we'll meet to part no more.
Soon we'll share a home in glo - ry, With the loved ones gone be - fore.

CHORUS.


They are wait - - ing for our com - ing, In that home . . . be-yond the sky,
They are wait - ing for our com - ing, In that home be-yond the sky,
Rit.
That will be . . . a hap - py meeting, Where they nev - - er say good - bye.
That will be a hap - py meeting, Where they nev-er say good - bye, good-bye.

Mother at Rest.*

R. S. H. R. S. HANNA.

Softly.
1. Moth - er, thou art gone to Heav - en, To that land where an - gels dwell;
2. Let me kiss our dar - ling, moth - er, Ere they lay her 'neath the sod;
3. All a - long life's toil - some jour - ney, She has guid - ed us a - right;
4. Dar - ling moth - er, we shall meet thee Where the an - gel mu - sic swells;
In our home we know we'll miss thee, Yet He do - eth all things well.
She was once our joy and com - fort, Now her spir - it dwells with God.
And our hearts are sad and lone - ly, We are moth - er - less to - night.
Oh, what joy will crown that meet - ing, Where there are no more fare - wells.
CHORUS.
Gone to rest, gone to rest, Our dar - ling moth - er has gone to rest;
Fold her hands a - cross her breast, Our dar - ling moth - er has gone to rest

*N. B.—These words may be changed to "Father," "Brother," or "Sister."

Mother.

M. Warner. C. V. Strickland.

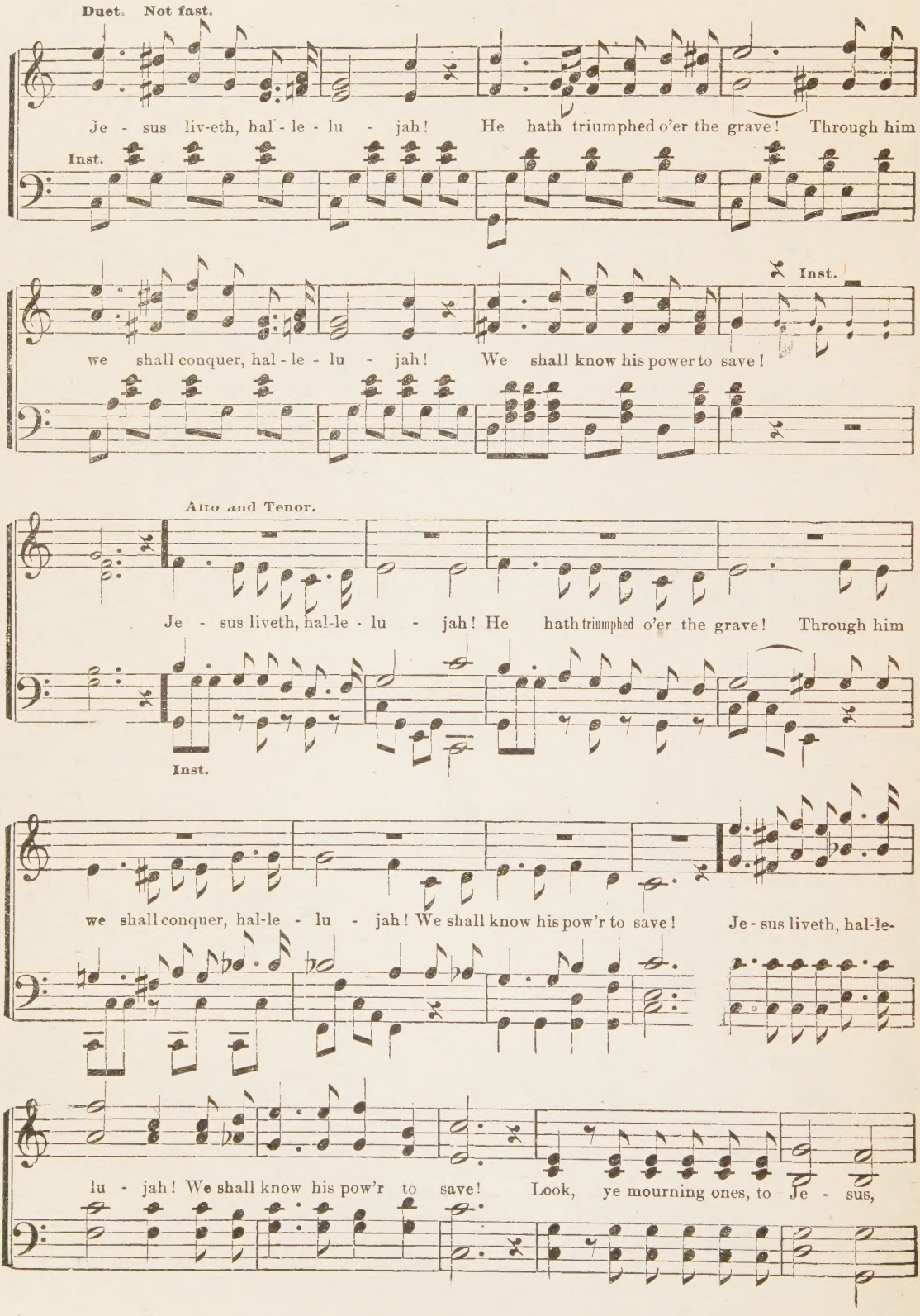
1. Our moth - er's chair is va - cant now, We'll miss her well - known form;
2. With pa - tient heart and mind se - rene, She wait - ed for the call;
3. For ma - ny long and use - ful years The Lord had spared her life;
Her gen - tle smile, her plac - id brow, The love her heart kept warm.
With Christ, her staff on which to lean, Her guide, her strength, her all.
The end was peace, death caused no fears, 'Twas rest from earth - ly strife.
For - ev - er stilled the kind - ly voice, For - ev - er closed the eyes;
If we, like her, will live for God, To love and serve Him more,
In our re - mem - brance she will live, Loved fond - ly till the last;
No more with her can we re - joice, For cold in death she lies.
And walk the way "the Mas - ter, trod," We'll meet her on that shore.
Her truth and faith a - light will give, Till time shall blot the past.

Jesus Liveth.

(For Funeral Services.)

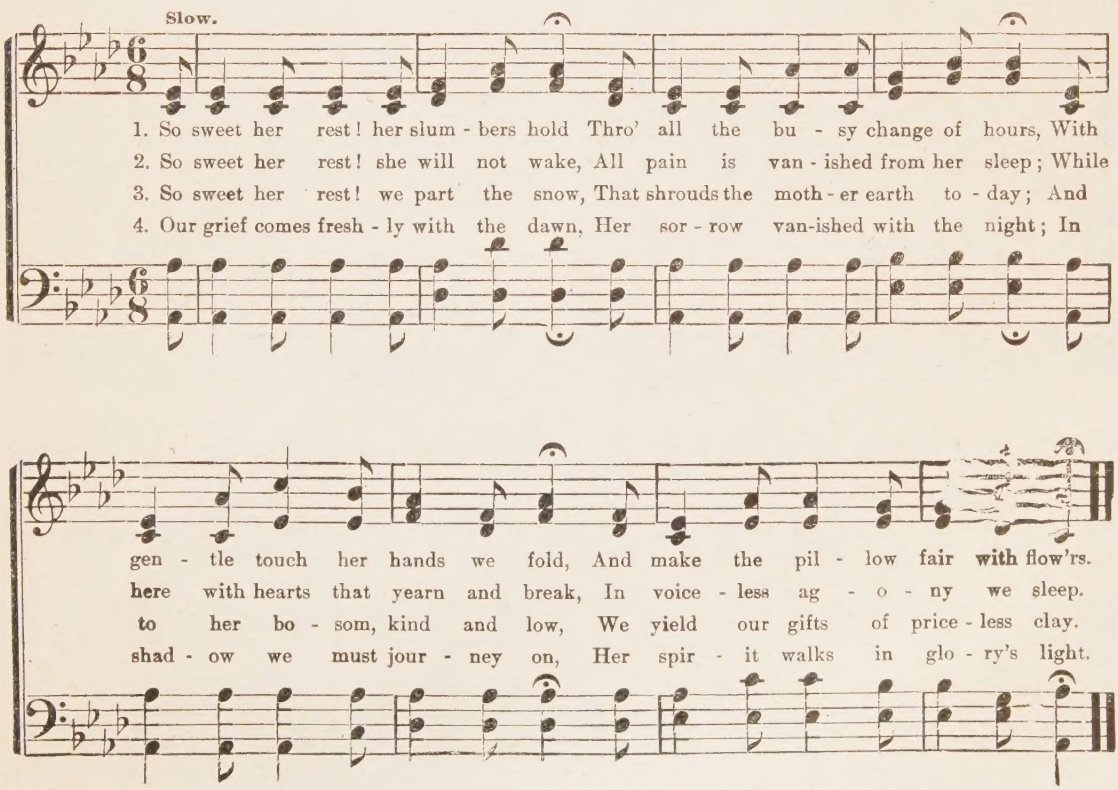
Rev. T. C. Neal.

If a man die, shall he live a-gain? If a man die, shall he live a - gain? Shall he
live a - gain? Hark! I hear the migh-ty Je - sus, He who died our souls to save;
List! he say-eth, "on-ly trust me, I have triumphed o'er the grave! I am the Res-ur-
I am the
rec - tion and the Life, I am the Res - ur - rec - tion and the Life,
Res - ur - rec - tion and the Life, I am the Res - ur - rec-tion and the Life,
Ritard.
Repeat
I am the Res - ur - rec-tion and the Life, He that be-liev-eth on me shall ne-ver die!"
I am the Res - urrec-tion and the Life,


Duet. Not fast.
Je - sus liv-eth, hal - le - lu - jah! He hath triumphed o'er the grave! Through him
Inst.
we shall conquer, hal - le - lu - jah! We shall know his power to save!
Inst.
Alto and Tenor.
Je - sus liveth, hal-le - lu - jah! He hath triumphed o'er the grave! Through him
Inst.
we shall conquer, hal-le - lu - jah! We shall know his pow'r to save! Je - sus liveth, hal-le-
lu - jah! We shall know his pow'r to save! Look, ye mourning ones, to Je - sus,

In Memoriam.

MARY M. BROWN. C. V. STRICKLAND.


Slow.
1. So sweet her rest! her slum - bers hold Thro' all the bu - sy change of hours, With
2. So sweet her rest! she will not wake, All pain is van - ished from her sleep; While
3. So sweet her rest! we part the snow, That shrouds the moth - er earth to - day; And
4. Our grief comes fresh - ly with the dawn, Her sor - row van-ished with the night; In
gen - tle touch her hands we fold, And make the pil - low fair with flow'rs.
here with hearts that yearn and break, In voice - less ag - o - ny we sleep.
to her bo - som, kind and low, We yield our gifts of price - less clay.
shad - ow we must jour - ney on, Her spir - it walks in glo - ry's light.

Mustered Out, One By One.

Dr. W. M. Gray. (For Soldiers' Funerals.) C. V. Strickland.

1. One by one our com - rades fall, One by one they pass a - way,
2. One by one they pass from earth, One by one we bid a - dieu;
3. Soon the last one will be gone, Of the men who fought for right,
And be - neath the sa - ble pall, One by one are laid a - way.
Then re - mem - ber all their worth, All they did and bore for you
Then no lon - ger one by one, Will be bur - ied from our sight.
Com - rades, who the next will be, That the sum - mons will re - ceive,
Loy - al were they, true and tried, In their coun - try's great - est need;
Then, O land of ours, be - ware; Let them want for noth - ing now;
None may know, but cer - tain - ly Nev - er yet had one re - prieve.
Trea - son ev - 'ry - where de - fied, And to trai - tors death de - creed.
Give to all thy love and care, Place the lau - rel on each brow.

C. V. S. C. V. STRICKLAND.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. There are no tears in heav - en, On that e - ter - nal shore, Where
2. There are no tears in heav - en, Where Christ our Sav - iour dwells, In
3. There are no tears in heav - en, All sor - rows there shall flee, No
all the saved shall gath - er, And rest for ev - er - more.....
man-sions fair a - bove us, The mes - sage glad we tell .....
death, nor sor - rows en - ter, Our God, our rest shall be.....

CHORUS.

There are no tears..... in that bright land, There we shall
There are no tears in that bright land,
sweet - ly rest, And meet our lov'd who've gone be - fore, All hal - low - ed and blest.

The Quiet Vale.

JENNIE WILSON. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. In what - ev - er course we jour - ney, Sometimes earth - ly hopes will fail,
2. Sol - emn shad - ows fold a - round us, In that vale so still and low,
3. Christ will com - fort in the si - lence, He will make the dark - ness bright,
4. Bless - ed Friend, He will sus - tain us, If the fears of death as - sail,
Soon or late our paths will lead us, Down in - to the qui - et vale.
As from friends who stand be - side us, Slow - ly, one by one we go.
And He'll guide us through the val - ley, In - to ev - er - last - ing light.
Trust - ing Him we need not fal - ter, When we reach the qui - et vale.
CHORUS.
When no hu - man voice can cheer us, As the light of time grows pale,
Je - sus on - ly can be near us, While we tread the qui - et vale.

Beyond the Clouds.

W. M. GARD. C. V. STRICKLAND.

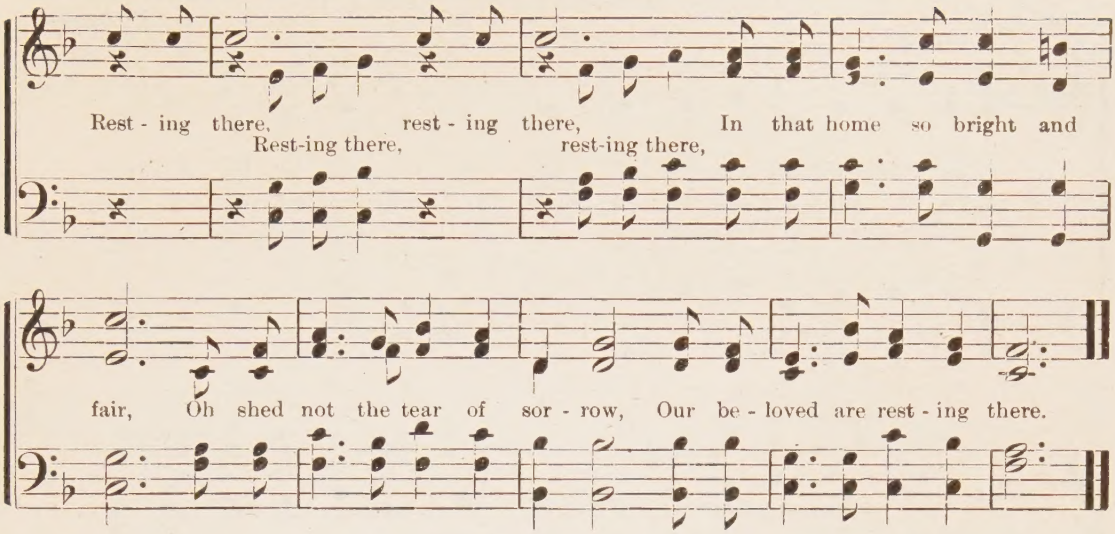
1. Be - yond the clouds the sun is shin - ing, And the sky is fair and clear;
2. Be - yond the clouds the stars are beam - ing, Thro' the long and lone - ly night;
3. Be - yond the clouds high lands of heav - en, Stretch a - far 'neath end - less day;
4. Be - yond the clouds a - waits our Sav - iour, Who for us was cru - ci - fied!
Then hush, poor soul, thy sad re - pin - ing, All is well, and God is near.
Tho' down thy face the tears be stream - ing, Trust the Lord, and do the right.
No morn - ing dawn, nor gloom of ev - en, All the mists have cleared a - way.
There we shall reign with Him for ev - er, If His name we've not de - nied.
CHORUS.
All is well,..... and God is near, All is
All is well, and God is near,
well,..... ye need not fear, Trust in
All is well, ye need not fear,
Him,..... He giv - eth rest, Trust in Him ye ev - er blest.
Trust in Him,

At Rest.

MRS. M. WARNER. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Oh, shed not the tear of sor - row, O'er the still and i - cy form;
2. What that rest is to the wea - ry, Mor - tal mind can nev - er know;
3. Hearts to - day are sor - row lad - en, With the last and sad fare - well;
Its glad spir - it now in glo - ry, Hails the bright ce - les - tial morn.
Dim its light for us is shin - ing, But we'll see a bright - er glow,
Yet in faith we should re - mem - ber, "That He do - eth all things well."
There re - leased from all life's tri - als, All its man - y griefs and pains,
When with loved ones we are rest - ing, Thro' the nev - er - end - ing day—
Dry thy tears now soft - ly fall - ing, Breathe, sad heart, a thank - ful pray'r,
Free from all its heav - y bur - dens, In that "rest" the Chris-tian gains.
When the veil of flesh is lift - ed, And "the mists have cleared a - way."
For the blest as - sur - ance giv - en, "Our be - loved are rest - ing there."

CHORUS.


Rest - ing there, rest - ing there, In that home so bright and fair,
Rest-ing there, rest-ing there,
Oh shed not the tear of sor - row, Our be - loved are rest - ing there.

Better Farther On.

S. S. MYERS.

Slow.
1. From the gold - en land a - bove us, To the wea - ry heart and lone,
2. Grief and pain may now op-press thee, Joy and hope and friends be gone,
3. Here our loved are first to leave us; Here we sing with sad - dened tone,
Comes a voice of an - gel sweet-ness, It is bet - ter far - ther on.
Faint not, heart, thy rest is com - ing, It is bet - ter far - ther on.
Here our eyes are dim'd with weep - ing, It is bet - ter far - ther on.
f
p
m
Repeat softly.
Far - ther on, far - ther on, It is bet - ter far - ther on.

By permission of A. F. MYERS.

We Shall See Our Cherished Loved Ones.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"—HEB. 1: 14.

W. C. B. WILL. C. BROWN.

DUET.

1. In that bright and gold-en cit - y, Of the land far, far a - way,
2. In that land where all is sun - shine, And no clouds can in - ter - vene,
3. In that home of life and beau - ty, Is the dwell - ing place of God;
Are our loved ones all u - nit - ed, In the realms of end - less day.
Where the bright-est saints of heav - en Are be - hold - en in the scene.
And He gives to us the prom - ise, If we'll take Him for our guide,
There a - mid an - gel - ic se - raphs, Of the land be - yond the sky,
There they dwell with sweet-est rap - ture, In the bliss that love be - stows;
That when here our days are end - ed, And we go a - cross the stream,
They may help to swell the cho - rus, In the songs that nev - er die.
And no mor'- tal hand can rob them Of the glo - ry of their souls.
He will lead us through the gate - way, To the home of the re - deemed.

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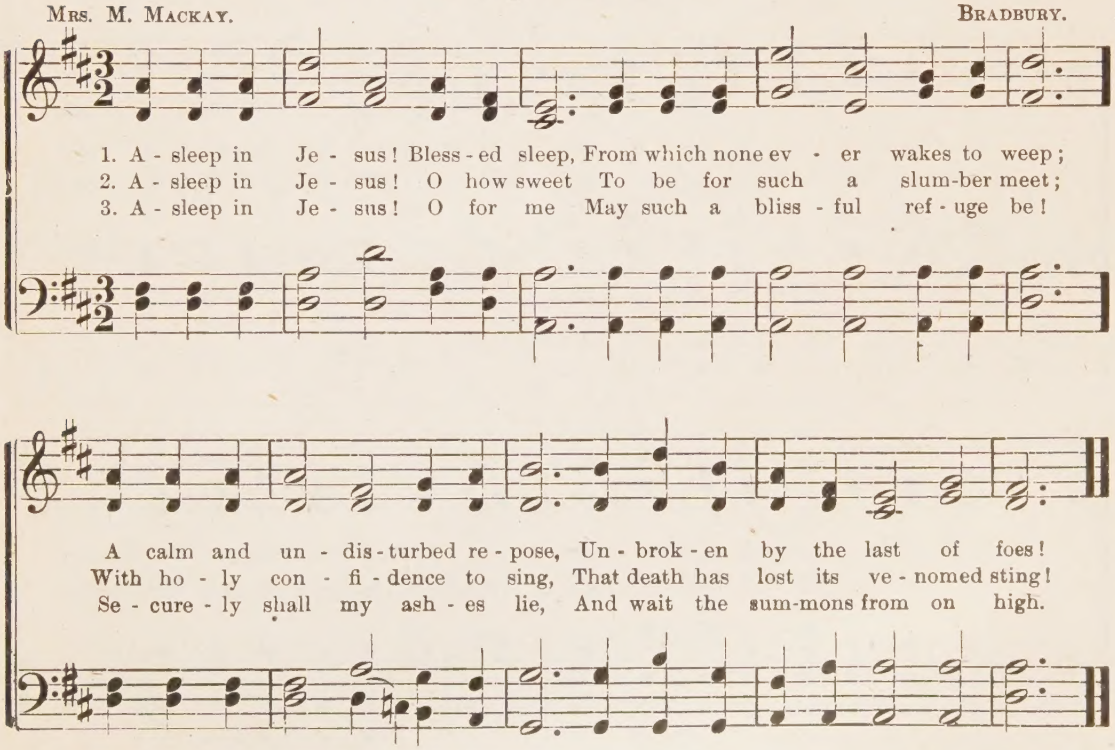
CHORUS.

We shall see our cher-ished loved ones In that land, far, far a - way,
We shall see our cherished loved ones In that land, far, far a - way,
In the cit - y bright and gold - en, In the realms of endless day.
In the cit - y bright and gold-en, In the realms of end-less day.

Asleep In Jesus.

MRS. M. MACKAY. BRADBURY.


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! Bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet;
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its ve - nomed sting!
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the sum-mons from on high.

Funeral Hymn.

HATTIE I. PAYNE. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Why should we weep when death has come, And called our loved ones to their home
2. Oh bless - ed tho't! tho' gone from here, We oft - en feel that they are near,
Be - yond the skies, where all is bliss; A bright - er, fair - er world than this?
Still help - ing us to do the right, That we may gain a man - sion bright;
For them, in truth, to die is gain, No more they suf - fer want or pain,
And dwell with them for ev - er - more Up - on that bright and glo - rious shore,
Nor sor - row know, but safe - ly rest Up - on a lov - ing Sav - iour's breast.
And soar at will, thro' fields of light, Ar - rayed in robes of spot - less white.

Home at Last.

Words and Music by W. G. Tomer.

1. Sleep on, sweet child, O gent - ly sleep, The pangs of life are o'er;
2. Sleep on, sweet child, O gent - ly sleep, Thy night has turned to day;
3. Sleep on, sweet child, O gent - ly sleep, You've passed the chill - ing tide,
4. Sleep on, sweet child, O gent - ly sleep, Thy trou - bles all are past,
Thy spir - it's reached that bliss - ful land, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.
Bright an - gels with their gold - en wings Have sped thy soul a - way.
And joined the bright ce - les - tial throng, Up - on the oth - er side.
Al - though thy loss we deep - ly feel, We know thou'rt home at last.
REFRAIN.
Home..... at last,..... Home..... at last,.....
Home at last, sweet home at last, Home at last, sweet home at last,
Thy spir - it's home at last; Home..... at last,.....
Home at last, sweet home at last,
Home..... at last,..... Thy spir - it's home at last.
Home at last, sweet home at last,

Some Glad Day.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

1. Some glad morn not far a - way, Just be - yond this twi - light dim,
2. Heart to heart and hand in hand, Love shall clasp a - gain her own,
3. Fade - less blooms life's heal - ing tree, Peace - ful flows her sil - ver stream,
4. Time speed on e - ter - ni - ty; An - gels guide our wea - ry feet;
We shall greet the gold - en day With the ev - er - last - ing hymn.
In God's sin - less sum - mer - land Where good - bye is nev - er known.
Ra - diant shines her jas - per sea, Glo - ry-crown'd her man-sions gleam.
Pear - ly gate wide o - pen be, Fa - ther waits with wel - come sweet.
REFRAIN.
p
Some glad day,..... where flow'rs shall bloom..... Nev - er - more.....
Some glad day, in beau-ty bloom, Nev - er-more
To fade and die,..... Some glad day,..... be - yond the
to fade and die, Some glad day,
Rit.
tomb,..... We shall meet..... some gold-en day.....
be-yond the tomb, We shall meet be-yond the sky.

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That Beautiful Dream.

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven."—GEN. 28: 12.

A. A. A. Arr. by REV. A. A. ARMEN.

1. I dreamed of the land of the pure and the bright, The
2. I dreamed that I saw them in robes of pure white, With
3. I dreamed that the tri - als of life were all o'er, And
4. I dreamed that my fa - ther and moth - er were there, With
5. I dreamed that he gave me a man - sion so fair, And
cit - y of God, the saints de - light; The saints of all a - ges, the
crowns on their brows of gold - en light; I watched as they wan - dered life's
saints were walk - ing the gold - en shore, And eat - ing the fruits of life's
harps in their hands, those joys to share; I dreamed that my Sav - iour so
gave me a throne with Him to share; He made me a king and a
chil - dren were there, That beau - ti - ful cit - y and home to share.
riv - er a - long; I lis - tened, and heard a most beau - t'ous song.
ev - er - green tree; Oh, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream to me!
smil - ing - ly said, "We wel - come you home where no tears are shed.
priest ev - er - more; Oh, glo - ri - ous vis - ion of yon bright shore!
CHORUS.
Oh, that beau - ti - ful dream! Oh, that beau - ti - ful dream! Shall
Rit.
I those saints and those chil - dren see, Or shall it be on - ly a dream?

Owned by A. F. MYERS.

Gone! Our Beloved.

A. Beirly. Arranged.

1. Gone! our be - lov - ed, Home to yon bright world on high! Home to the
2. Joys, bright and ver - nal, Fill that land of Par - a - dise! Pleas - ures e-
Sav - iour, Nev - er - more to die. In that land of beau - ty,
ter - nal, Reign be - yond the skies. There our loved one dwell - eth,
Not a tear or sigh is known, All is love and glad - ness
While th'e - ter - nal a - ges roll, World of love and beau - ty,
REFRAIN.
3
'Round the Sav - iour's throne. Rest thou, dear - ly be - lov - ed, On thy gen - tle
Home - land of the soul. Rest thou, rest thou,
3
Repeat. pp
Sav-iour's breast; Glad - ly He will re - ceive thee, He will give thee rest.
Glad - ly, glad - ly,

By permission, A. Beirly.

GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

Dolorosa.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our fa - ces toward the
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the la - bors of the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Hu - man com-rade you and
set - ting of the sun;—Down the val - ley where the mourn-ful cy - press grows, Where the
wea - ry day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for - ev - er past, We shall
I will there have none, But a ten - der hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is
CHORUS.
stream of death in si - lence on - ward flows.
stand up - on the riv - er-brink at last. We are go - ing down the val - ley,
go - ing down the val - ley with us all.
Go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing toward the set - ting of the sun, We are
Rit.
go-ing down the valley, Go-ing down the valley, Go-ing down the val - ley one by one.

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Death is Hallowed into Sleep.

J. A. PARKS.

Moderato.
No lon - ger must the mourn - er weep, Nor call de-
No lon - ger must the mourn - er weep, Nor call de - part - ed
part - - ed Christ - ians dead, For death is hal - lowed,
Christians dead, de - part - ed Christians dead, is hal - lowed,
Rit. e dim.
hal-lowed in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave, and ev - 'ry
to sleep, and ev - 'ry
p
grave be - comes a bed; For death is hal-lowed in - to sleep,
pp Lento.
f
And ev - 'ry grave be-comes a bed. O death, where is thy sting? O

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ff
Rit.
grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry?
Instrumental.
But thanks be un - to God . . who giv - - eth us the vic - t'ry, who
Solo.
giv - - eth us the vic - - t'ry through Je - sus Christ our Lord.
Tutti.
But thanks be un - to God Who giv - eth
f
But thanks . . . be un - to God . . . who giv - - eth us the
vic - to - ry, who giv - eth vic - to - ry,
vic - t'ry, who giv - - eth us the vic - - t'ry through

through Je - sus Christ our Lord. . . .
Inst.
our Lord.
Je - sus Christ our Lord. . . . .
No lon - ger must the mourn - er weep, Nor
No lon - ger must the mourn-er weep, the mourner weep, Nor call de-
call . . . . de - part - - - ed Christ - - ians dead,
part - ed Christians dead, Nor call de - part - ed Christ-ians dead,
For death is hal - lowed, hal-lowed in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry
is hal-lowed to sleep,
grave, and ev - 'ry grave be - comes a bed. A - men, A - men.

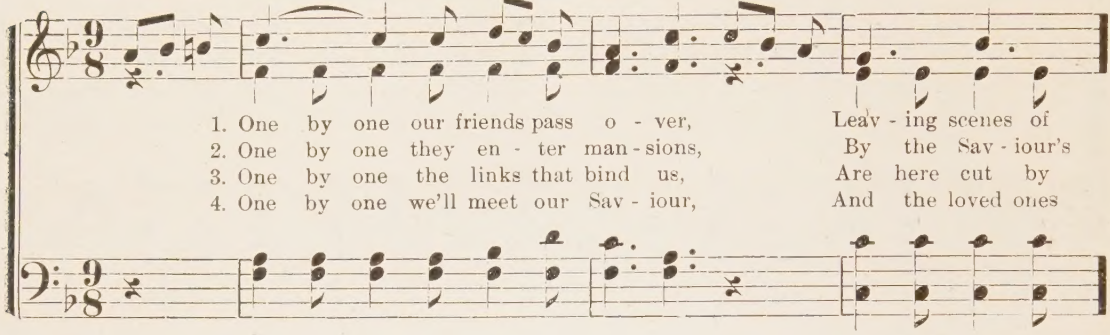
JENNIE WILSON. CHAS. L. STRICKLAND.

1. Safe be - yond the shin - ing por - tals, Where no sor - row en - ters in,
2. Safe be - yond the days of sad - ness, When the cross of pain they bore,
3. Safe be - yond the mys - tic riv - er, With its shad - ows still and dim,
4. Safe be - yond the gates of heav - en, When we know as we are known,
Loved ones dwell with pure im - mor - tals, Free from ev - 'ry taint of sin.
They have found e - ter - nal glad - ness, O - ver on the death - less shore.
Je - sus is their light for ev - er, As they rest at home with Him.
In the bliss - ful life that's giv - en, We a - gain shall meet our own.
CHORUS.
Safe be - yond the shin - ing por - tals, With their earth - ly path - ways trod,
Our be - loved rest with the bless - ed, In the pal - a - ces of God.

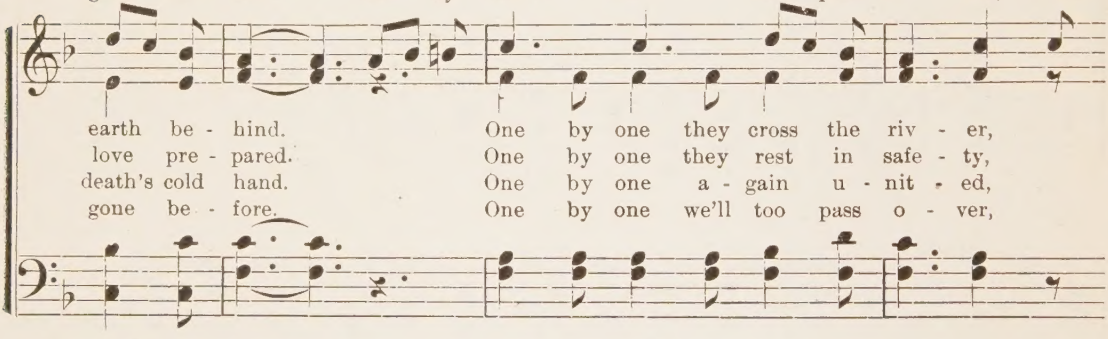
One By One.

REV. R. H. WASHBURN. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. One by one..... our friends pass o - ver, Leav - ing scenes of
2. One by one..... they en - ter man-sions, By the Sav - iour's
3. One by one ..... the links that bind us, Are here cut by
4. One by one..... we'll meet our Sav - iour, And the loved ones

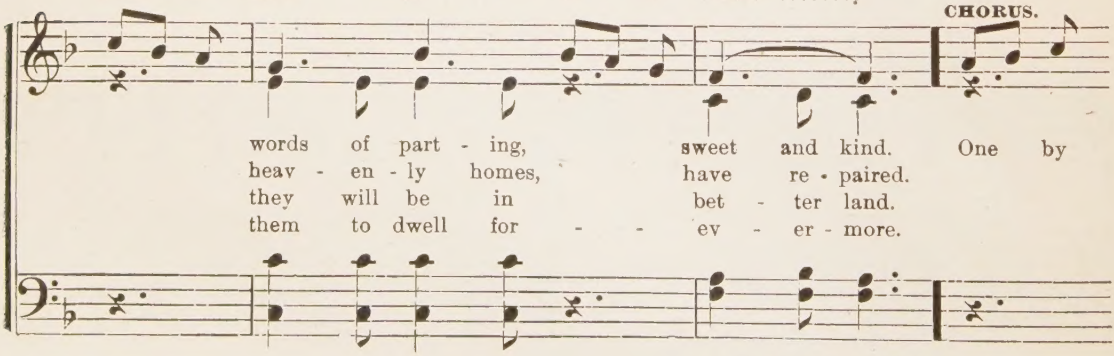

1. One by one our friends pass o - ver, Leav - ing scenes of
2. One by one they en - ter man - sions, By the Sav - iour's
3. One by one the links that bind us, Are here cut by
4. One by one we'll meet our Sav - iour, And the loved ones

earth be - hind. One by one they cross the riv - er, With
love pre - pared. One by one they rest in safe - ty, To
death's cold hand. One by one a - gain u - nit - ed, They
gone be - fore. One by one we'll too pass o - ver, With


earth be - hind. One by one they cross the riv - er,
love pre - pared. One by one they rest in safe - ty,
death's cold hand. One by one a - gain u - nit - ed,
gone be - fore. One by one we'll too pass o - ver,

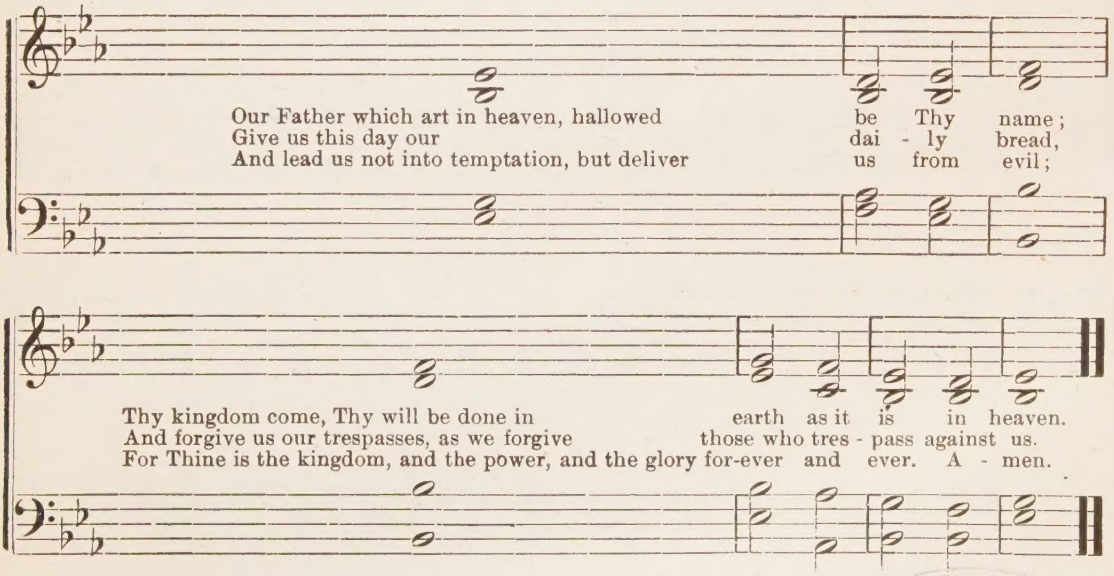
words of part - - ing, sweet and kind.....
heav'n - ly homes they have re - paired.....
will be in yon bet - ter land.....
them to dwell for - - ev - er - more.....,

CHORUS.


words of part - ing, sweet and kind. One by
heav - en - ly homes, have re - paired.
they will be in bet - ter land.
them to dwell for - - ev - er - more.

one they pass o - ver the riv - - er, One by one from their
One by one, o - ver the riv - er, One by one from their
lab - ors they rest, One by one for them o - pens the port-
lab - ors they rest, One by one for them o - pens the port-
als, Of yon - der fair coun - - try, the home of the blest.....
als, Yon - der fair coun - try, the home of the blest, the blest.

The Lord's Prayer.


Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who tres - pass against us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for-ever and ever. A - men.

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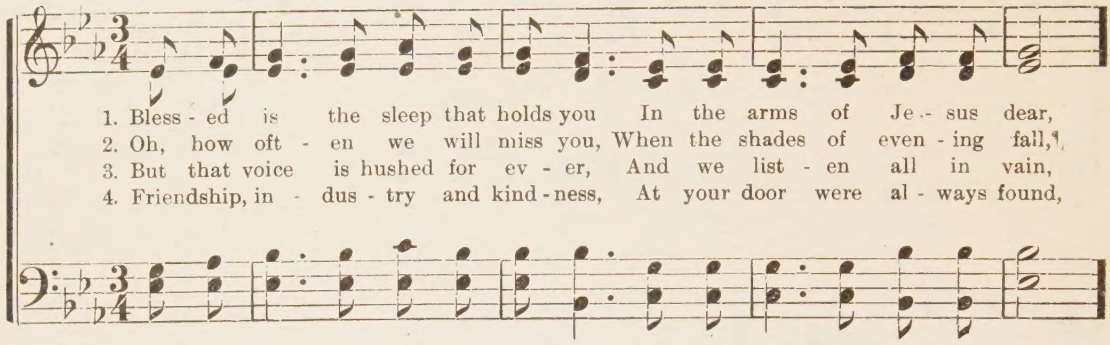
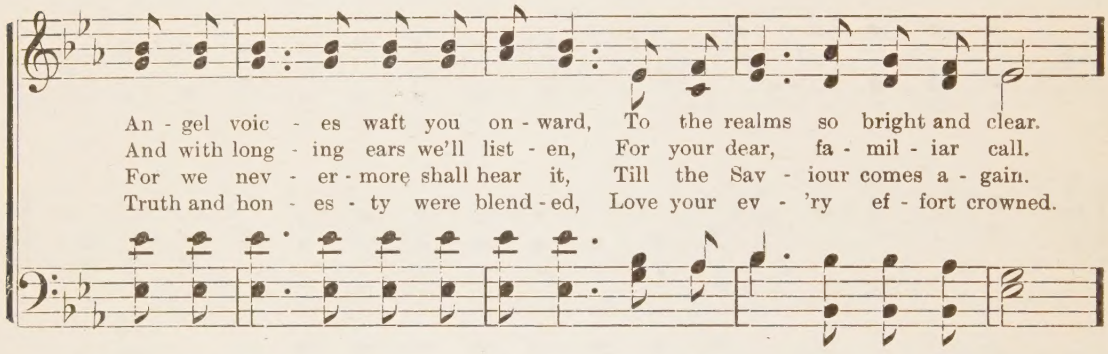
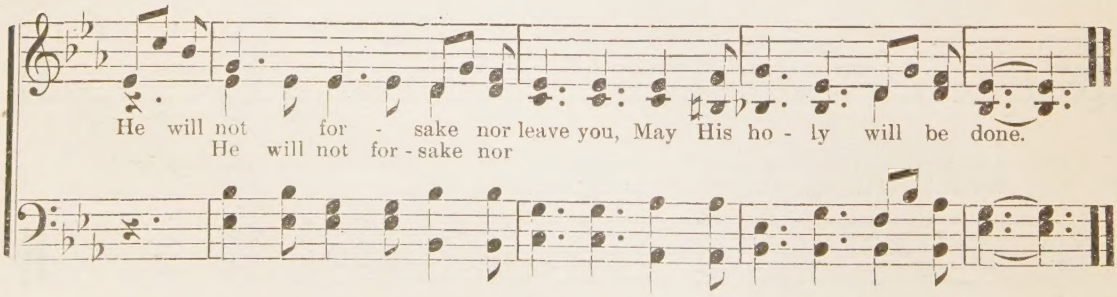
Peace to Thee.

JOSEPH WALL. C. V. STRICKLAND.


1. Bless - ed is the sleep that holds you In the arms of Je - sus dear,
2. Oh, how oft - en we will miss you, When the shades of even - ing fall,
3. But that voice is hushed for ev - er, And we list - en all in vain,
4. Friendship, in - dus - try and kind - ness, At your door were al - ways found,


An - gel voic - es waft you on - ward, To the realms so bright and clear.
And with long - ing ears we'll list - en, For your dear, fa - mil - iar call.
For we nev - er - more shall hear it, Till the Sav - iour comes a - gain.
Truth and hon - es - ty were blend - ed, Love your ev - 'ry ef - fort crowned.

REFRAIN.



Meet Again.

HATTIE I. PAYNE. FRED. COBLENZ.

Andante.

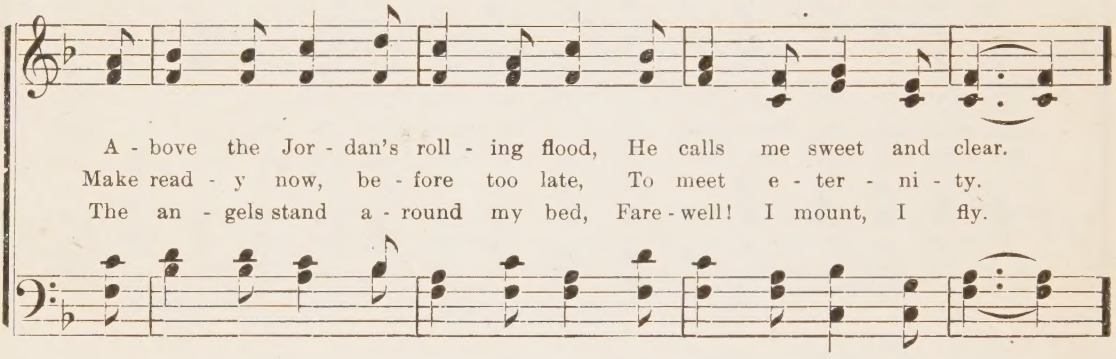
1. We lay our friends be - neath the sod, We hear the clods up - on them fall;
2. Why should we doubt our Fa - ther's care? Should we not trust His grace and love?
3. To dwell with Christ, oh bless - ed tho't, For ev - er freed from care and pain,
We sit be - side our lone - ly hearth, And some-times won - der, "Is this all,"
His prom - ise to the faith - ful is, A crown shall be laid up a - bove.
Oh, that we all might live on earth, So we that heav'n-ly home might gain,
Are they for ev - er lost to us, Or will they some glad day a - rise?
In that bright home so far a - way, There is pre - pared a man - sion fair,
And when the Lord shall bid us come, We'll meet our dear de - part - ed friends,
When we shall meet them once a - gain, In that bright land be - yond the skies.
For each one who is faith - ful here, To dwell with Christ for - ev - er there.
And dwell with them on that bright shore, In hap - pi - ness which nev - er ends.

Rest Has Come.

JOSEPH WALL. CHAS. L. STRICKLAND.

Slow.

1. Fare - well! dear friends, I'm go - ing home, My Sav iour's voice I hear,
2. Pray do not weep when I am gone, For you must fol - low me,
3. Sweet is the time, when Je - sus speaks To souls pre - pared to die;


A - bove the Jor - dan's roll - ing flood, He calls me sweet and clear.
Make read - y now, be - fore too late, To meet e - ter - ni - ty.
The an - gels stand a - round my bed, Fare - well! I mount, I fly.

REFRAIN.

In Memoriam.

Written for President McKinley memorial services at Huntington, Ind., Sept. 19, 1901.

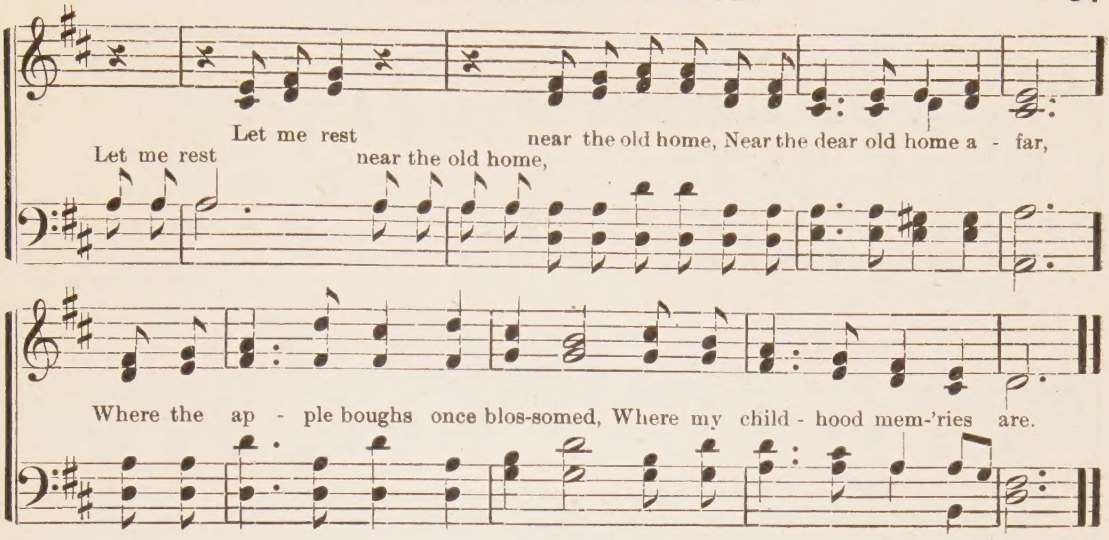
LOU. E. RALL. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. We bow in tears, a na - tion mourns, A brave man is at rest;
2. "It is God's way, His will be done," Brave words from no - ble lips,
3. Our chief's last mes - sage borne to us, "Good - bye to all, good - bye,"
4. To - day in sad and si - lent grief, Our trib - ute now we bring;
Our tear - ful voice in ech - o rise, And sweeps from East to West.
While gen - tle wife, with break - ing heart, The cup of sor - row sips.
Will ech - o down sweet mem - 'ry's hall, As time goes slip - ping by.
And to our Fa - ther, pray'r-ful heart, O'er - flow - ing as we sing.
A count - less throng of mourn-ers weep, And go with meas-ured tread,
How sad is death, yet this we know, That God is o - ver all,
And this we feel, while yet we mourn, And God is hard to see,
For Him who fills a mar - tyr's grave, The race of life is won,
With sad-dened brow and muf - fled drum, They bear their hon - ored dead.
And with a kind - ly Fa - ther's love, Notes e'en the spar-row's fall.
Our sol - dier, states - man, and our chief, Is "Near - er, God, to Thee."
And in our hearts we try to say, "God's will, not ours, be done."

Let Me Rest Near the Old Home.

Lou. E. Rall. C. V. Strickland.

1. Where the birds are sweet-ly sing-ing To the mur-m'ring of the breeze,
2. Where the elm tree lifts its branch-es, With its fair and slen-der leaves,
3. Mist-y float the dream-land fac-es, Peer-ing through the win-dow-pane,
Where the sun-shine bright-ly glim-mers Through the dear old or-chard trees;
Mak-ing long and grace-ful shad-ows, Just a-thwart the slant-ing eaves;
Moth-er, fa-ther, sis-ter, broth-er, Peop-ling all the rooms a-gain;
Where the dai-sies nod and blos-som, And the gras-ses wave so green,
Where the farm-house grey and lone-ly, Wide its som-bre shad-ows cast,
Peace-ful let me lie and slum-ber, In a long and dream-less sleep,
Let me rest in sweet se-clu-sion, Where the old home may be seen.
Let me lie and rest for ev-er, Near the dear old home at last.
Near the old home in the wild-wood, Where the an-gels vig-ils keep.


Let me rest near the old home, Near the dear old home a - far,
Let me rest near the old home,
Where the ap - ple boughs once blos-somed, Where my child - hood mem-'ries are.

Our Mother in Heaven.

REV. JOHN A. GOSS. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. To her home in heav'n our moth - er has gone, And she's prais - ing
2. In her home in heav'n she now doth rest, And her spir - it
3. From her home in heav'n, that hap - py land, She beck - ons
God round His star - ry throne; We in pa - tience wait till the
leans up - on Je - sus' breast; All robed in white, and her
us with a shin - ing hand; "Come, chil - dren, come, for the
word is giv'n, Then we'll all go home to our moth - er in heav'n.
sins for - giv'n, She's an an - gel bright in her home in heav'n,
Lord hath giv'n, His Ho - ly Word as thy guide to heav'n."

4. From her home in heaven methinks I hear
That welcome voice, and it bids me cheer;
How oft by prayers are the tempests driven,
When we think of God and our mother in heaven.

5. To our home in heaven may our spirits go,
When we're done with time and the things below,
When our sun of life shall sink at even;
We come, mother, to thy home in heaven.

Dead in the Bloom.

MRS. L. A. DAVIDSON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Andante.

1. Dead in the bloom of the spring - time, Passed from our long - ing sight.
2. Grieve we with tears for the loved one, Tak - en from earth and its ill;
With - ered the beau - ti - ful blos - som, Strick - en by death in his might;
Weep o'er the hands soft - ly fold - ed O - ver the heart now so still;
Cold lies the form in the cof - fin, Life is for ev - er gone;
Hark! to the voic - es of an - gels, Float - ing so soft - ly down;
Flown is the soul from its dwell - ing, Passed to e - ter - ni - ty's dawn.
Earth hath the pall and the cof - fin, Heav - en the robe and the crown.
CHORUS.
Fare - well, fare - well, for ev - er, On earth we'll meet thee nev - er;

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Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN W. NEWMAN. W. T. GIFFE.

Andante.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my
I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone. And with the
feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.
gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
morn those an-gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

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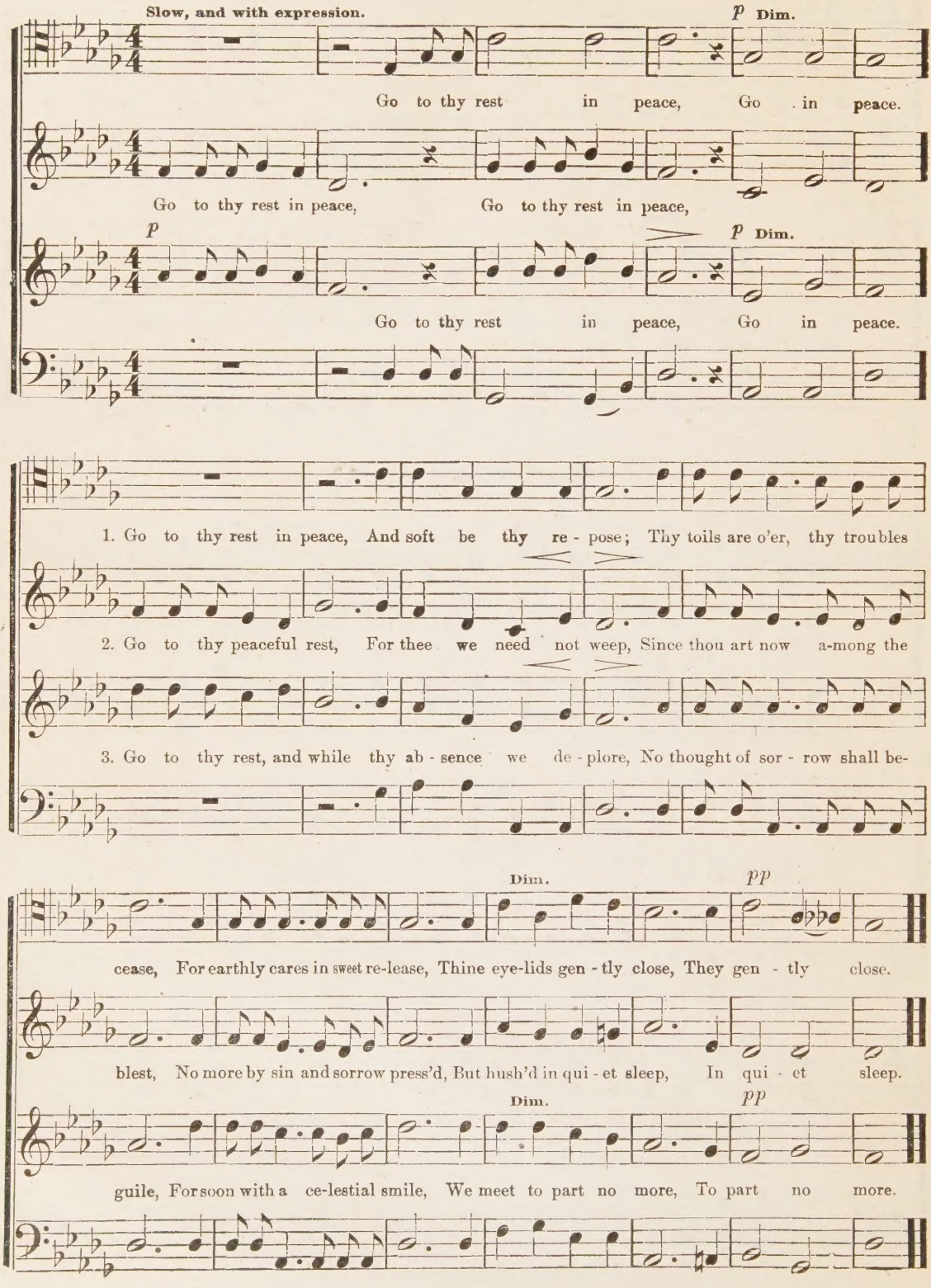
Go To Thy Rest In Peace.

(For Funerals.)

W. T. GIFFE.


Slow, and with expression.
p Dim.
Go to thy rest in peace, Go in peace.
Go to thy rest in peace, Go to thy rest in peace,
p
p Dim.
Go to thy rest in peace, Go in peace.
1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles
2. Go to thy peaceful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now a-mong the
3. Go to thy rest, and while thy ab - sence we de - plore, No thought of sor - row shall be-
Dim.
pp
cease, For earthly cares in sweet re-lease, Thine eye-lids gen - tly close, They gen - tly close.
blest, No more by sin and sorrow press'd, But hush'd in qui - et sleep, In qui - et sleep.
Dim.
pp
guile, For soon with a ce-lestial smile, We meet to part no more, To part no more.

Old Home Friends.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."—Eph. 6 : 2.

A. F. Myers.

Slow, with expression.

1. Don't for - get the old folks, Love them more and more, As they turn their
long - ing eyes T'ward the gold-en shore ; Let your words be ten - der, Lov - ing, soft and
2. Don't for - get poor fa - ther, With his fail - ing sight, With his locks once
thick and brown, Scan - ty now and white ; Tho' he may be child - ish, Still do you be
3. Don't for - get dear moth - er, With her fur-rowed brow, All the light of
oth - er years, Time has fad - ed now ; Mem - o - ry is wan - ing, Soon its light will
Cres. - - - - - - - - -
CHORUS.
low, Let their last days be the best They have known be - low.
kind, Think of him as years a - go With his mas - ter mind. Don't for - get the
fail, Guide her gent - ly till she stands Safe with-in the vale.
Cres. - - Dim.
old folks, Life will soon be o'er ; Guide them till their weary feet, Tread the golden shore.

By permission.

Beautiful Baby Hands.

E. E. Hewitt. Solo and Chorus. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Beau - ti - ful lit - tle treas - ures, They were my heart's de - light;
2. Try - ing to grasp the sun - beams, Stray - ing a - bout the floor,
3. One day, the laugh - ing sun - beams, Bring - ing the morn - ing's gold,
Hands like the spring - time blos - soms, Dain - ti - est pink and white.
Glee - ful - ly pull - ing dai - sies, Grow - ing a - round the door.
Saw their fair play - mates ly - ing, Snow - y, and still, and cold.
Chub - by, and warm, and dim - pled, O, could I feel them now!
Toss - ing with grace un - stud - ied, O, could I on - ly see,
Oh, they have found the sun - shine, Dear, bless-ed ba - by hands!
Soft - ly my cheek ca - ress - ing, Pat - ting my ach - ing brow.
Sweet lit - tle hands ex - tend - ed, Ea - ger to come to me.
I, thro' the dark, catch glimp - ses, Know - ing, God un - der - stands.
CHORUS.
Dear lit - tle hands! Pre - cious hands! Beau - ti - ful ba - by hands, I shall

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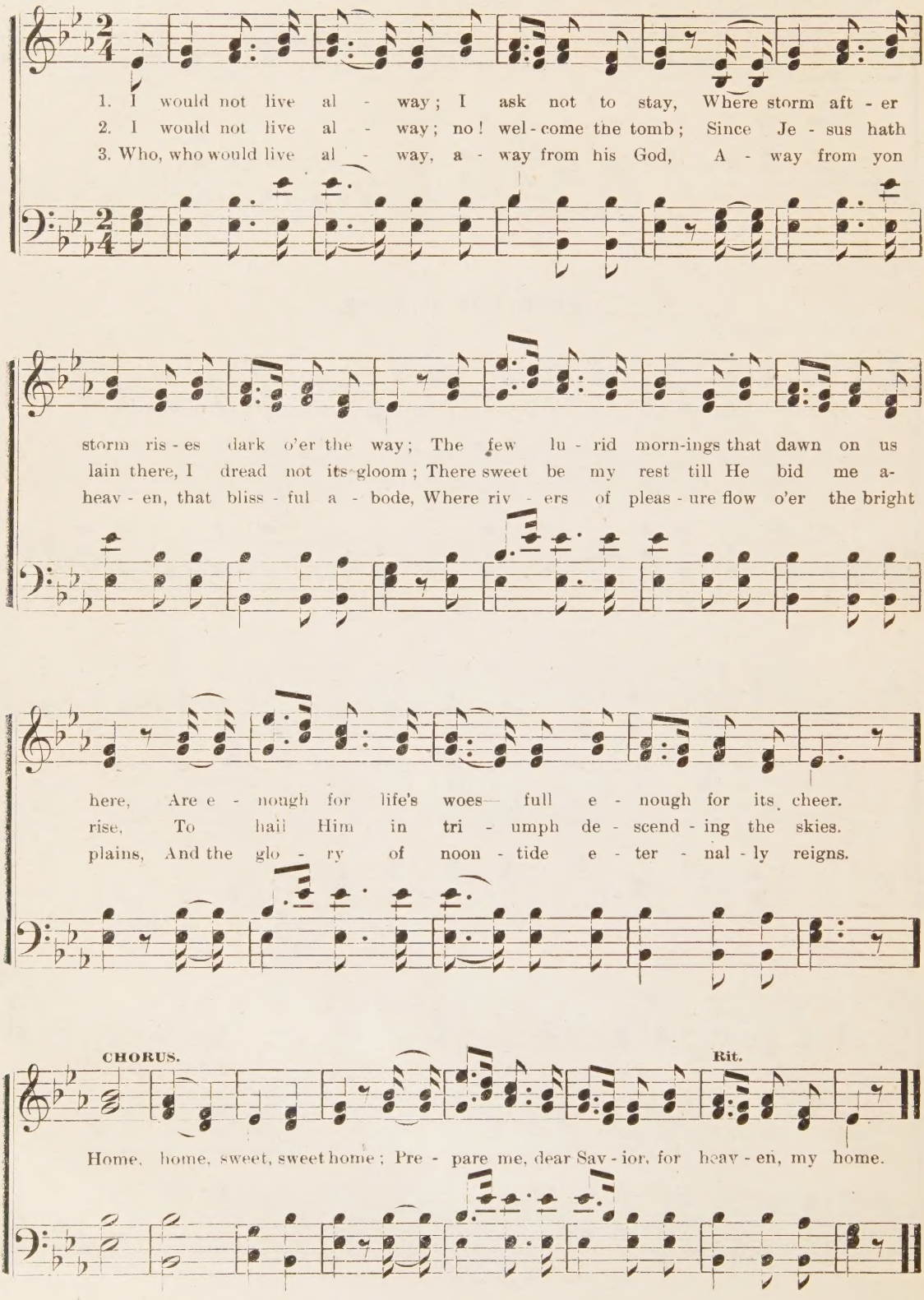
When Life is Done.

MRS. M. WARNER. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. There shall dawn a bright-er day, When life is done; Earth - ly mists shall fade a-
2. We shall meet those gone be - fore, When life is done; Wait - ing on that oth - er
3. Bur - dens we no more shall bear, When life is done; Heart and hand shall know no
4. We shall see the Beu - lah land, When life is done; Walk with Christ its gold - en
way, When life is done; And all that seems so vex - ing here, Will
shore, When life is done; And there we may a friend-ship claim, That
care, When life is done; For far be - yond life's earth bound plane, Un-
strand, When life is done; And by its wa - ters crys - tal flow, With
Rit.
to our spir-it minds be clear, When life is done, When life is done.
bears no mark of world-ly stain, When life is done, When life is done.
end - ing glo - ry we shall gain, When life is done, When life is done.
feet un-wear-ied we shall go, When life is done, When life is done.

Heaven my Home.


1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay, Where storm aft - er
2. I would not live al - way; no! wel - come the tomb; Since Je - sus hath
3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God, A - way from yon
storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn-ings that dawn on us
lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till He bid me a-
heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where riv - ers of pleas - ure flow o'er the bright
here, Are e - nough for life's woes— full e - nough for its cheer.
rise, To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.
plains, And the glo - ry of noon - tide e - ter - nal - ly reigns.
CHORUS.
Rit.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre - pare me, dear Sav - ior, for heav - en, my home.

Resting So Sweetly.

JENNIE WILSON. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Rest - ing so sweet - ly in death's dreamless slum - ber, An - gels from la - bor have
2. Rest - ing so sweet - ly while tear-drops are fall - ing, Thou from the sor - row of
3. Rest - ing so sweet - ly no tri - al or con - flict Ev - er a - gain in this
called thee a - way; Now with their kiss on thy brow thou art ly - ing,
part - ing art free; Though our be - reaved hearts are heav - y and lone - ly,
life thou shalt know; Dear one, fare - well till we, too, shall be sum-moned,
CHORUS.
Toil - ing and wea - ri - ness o - ver for aye.
Calm-ness and peace have been giv - en to thee.
Thro' the still val - ley of shad - ows to go.
Rest - ing so sweet - ly in
death's dreamless slum - ber, Ten - der hands lay thy dear form 'neath the sod, While we in
faith look a - way to the homeland, Where the glad spir - it is dwell-ing with God.

Will We Know Each Other There?

C. V. S. C. V. STRICKLAND.

Andante.

1. Will we know each oth-er there, With the an-gels bright and fair, Know our dear ones who have
2. Shall we know them o-ver there, Past the touch of pain and care, See them in their shin - ing
3. Yes! we'll know them o-ver there, In that home so bright and fair, When we reach those heav'nly

crossed the mys - tic tide? Shall we find them safe at home, When the Mas-ter bids us "come!"
gar - ments pure and white? There to know as we are known, Nev-er-more to walk a - lone,
por - tals we shall see Those we love, who watch and wait By the cit - y's o - pen gate,

REFRAIN.

Shall we see them at the bless-ed Sav-iour's side? Will we know them o - ver there, With the
In the cit - y where the Sav-iour is its light?
And shall know the friends so dear to you and me.

Refrain after last stanza.

We shall know them, our restored, In the

shin-ing an - gels fair, Know and greet them in the Father's house on high (house on high); Where ce -
gar - den of the Lord, Where the angels strike their harps of gold on high (gold on high); And shall

les - tial voic-es sing, And the joybells glad-ly ring, Rapt'rous welcome that shall cheer us by and by?
claim them ours again, Sing with them heav'n's great amen, And the time of that reunion draweth nigh.

Little One, Rest.

LAURA E. NEWELL. VAL. CURTIS.

1. Lit - tle one, peace-ful - ly, peace - ful - ly rest, Fair as the lil - ies that
2. Tri - als like ours ne'er shall sad - den thee there, Nev - er thy joy shall be
3. Lit - tle one, tran - quil - ly, peace - ful - ly sleep, Nev - er to wak - en and
lie on thy breast, Fair, and as pure as the flow - ers of heav'n;
turned to de - spair, But 'mid the blos - soms of Ed - den to stray;
nev - er to weep, Near - er and near - er we're com - ing to thee;
God took thee home, whom to us He had giv'n. Peace - ful - ly, lit - tle one,
Joy shall a - bide all heav'n's fair cloudless day. Ev - er, for - ev - er, thy
Life soon will pass, and the shad - ows will flee. And with our la - bors and
peace - ful - ly rest, Pure as the lil - ies that gleam on thy breast, Naught can dis -
joys shall in - crease, In that fair coun - try whose bor - ders are peace, Where we shall
tri - als all past, Where skies with clouds nev - er - more are o'er - cast, We in that
Andante.
turb thee where an - gels a - bide, Rest in that home past the swift mys - tic tide.
meet thee to claim thee our own, There where the Sav - iour doth rule on His throne.
hav - en with thee shall a - bide, An - gels at - tend thee, God's love be our guide.

The Beautiful Home of the Soul.

JENNIE WILSON. D. W. CRIST.

1. On the heav - en - ward side of the fast - flow - ing stream, Where the
2. Where the pure cit - y stands on e - ter - ni - ty's shore Neith - er
3. There the ran - somed wave branch - es of vic - to - ry's palm And sal -
wa - ters of death dark - ly roll, Faith be - holds the bright walls of a
sor - row nor e - vil can come; With the tri - als and con - flicts of
va - tion's sweet sto - ry re - peat, As with glad hal - le - lu - jahs in
fair cit - y gleam, 'Tis the beau - ti - ful home of the soul, 'Tis the
earth - ly life o'er, There is rest in that beau - ti - ful home, There is
praise of the Lamb, They are cast - ing their crowns at His feet, They are
beau - ti - ful home of the soul, 'Tis the beau - ti - ful home of the
rest in that beau - ti - ful home, There is rest in that beau - ti - ful
cast - ing their crowns at His feet, They are cast - ing their crowns at His

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soul, Faith be-holds the bright walls of a fair cit - y gleam, 'Tis the
home, With the tri - als and con - flicts of earth - ly life o'er, There is
feet, As with glad hal - le - lu - jahs in praise of the Lamb, They are
CHORUS.
beau - ti - ful home of the soul. Beau - - - - ti - ful home,.....
rest in that beau - ti - ful home.
cast - ing their crowns at His feet. Beau - ti - ful home in that land so fair,
Beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, Will you go and in man-sions of
joy ev - er dwell, In that beau - ti - ful home of the soul?

Beautiful Home.

C. V. S. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home On the ev - er-green shore, Where the saints of the
2. There's a beau - ti - ful home Now by faith we can see, Where the sor - rows of
3. In that beau - ti - ful home On the ev - er-green shore, Where the Shepherd di -
4. There's a beau - ti - ful home, And we some day shall go, Where the riv - er of
earth Are at rest ev - er-more; 'Tis the home of the soul, 'Tis the land of the leal,
earth And no gloom ere can be; 'Tis the home where the saved Of the earth ev - er dwell,
vine Reigns supreme ev-er - more; 'Mid the rap-tures of heav'n We our loved ones shall meet,
peace Doth in maj - es - ty flow; Where no farewells are said And no sor - rows e'er come,
REFRAIN.
Where our Sav-iour doth reign, And His glo - ry re - veal.
'Tis the cit - y of God, Sweet the sto - ry to tell. There's a beau - ti - ful home In those
There to kneel by the throne, At the dear Sav-iour's feet.
For our Sav - iour a - bides In that beau-ti - ful home.
mansions a - bove, In the dear Father's house Are the friends that we love; There they need not the
gleam Of the sun or the stars, For the Lamb is its light, Naught its glo-ry e'er mars.

Beautiful Angels.

Arr. by S. J. Oslin.

1. Beau - ti - ful an - gels are guard - ing us ev - er, Sent by our
2. Com - ing with heav - en - ly mer - cies a - bound - ing, Com - ing on
3. An - gels will strength-en our fal - ter - ing foot - steps If their still
Sav - iour a - bove, Beck - on - ing ten - der - ly t'ward the bright riv - er,
mis - sions of joy, Life's flit - ting jour - ney with brightness sur - round-ing,
voi - ces we heed; Sweet - ly they'll teach us the Lord's ho - ly pre - cepts,
Sweet, guid - ing an - gels of love. Guard - ing us ev - er as
Com - ing its griefs to de - stroy; And as we pass from its
Un - to His king - dom they lead. And when at last thro' the
on - ward we strug - gle O - ver life's o - cean so broad, Vig - ils they're
chang-es for - ev - er, Leav - ing its glit - ter and gloss, When we ar -
por - tals of bright-ness En - ter His man - sions a - bove, There we shall
keep - ing thro' joy and thro' trou - ble, Beau - ti - ful an - gels of God!
rive at the beau - ti - ful riv - er, An - gels will guide us a - cross.
see in their heav - en - ly white-ness Beau - ti - ful an - gels of love!

Owned by S. J. Oslin. From "Eureka Carols," by per.

Beautiful City of Gold.

L. P. R. LONDAY P. REED.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y whose streets are of gold, And cov - ered with jew - els so rare, The sweet - est old sto - ry the Bi - ble has told,
2. 'Tis a home where the wea - ry leave sor - row and pain, The Lord all our trou - bles will bear, I hear the sweet voi - ces now call - ing in vain,
3. All our friends will be hap py on reach - ing that home, The loved ones in glo - ry they'll see, They're seat - ed with Je - sus a - round His bright throne,
CHORUS.
For Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is there.
They're wait - ing to wel - come me there.
And wait - ing, yes, wait - ing for thee.
Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y just ov - er the way, The Mas - ter has gone to pre - pare, For all who have fol - lowed their Sav - iour and King, They'll dwell in that cit - y so fair.

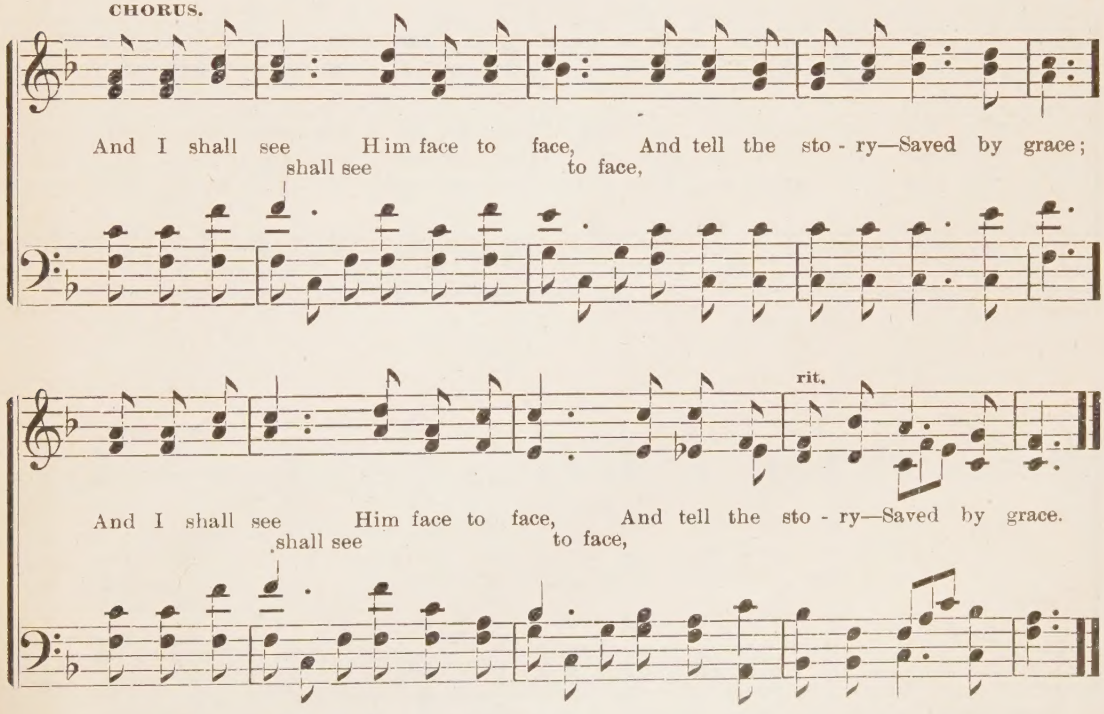
Saved By Grace.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Some day the sil - ver chord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Be-neath the ro - sy - tint - ed West,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burn - ing bright,
But, oh, the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know— my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.


And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace;
shall see to face,
rit.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

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We Will Meet by the Gate.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. W. CRIST.

1. All our loved ones are pass - ing a - way, Like the sweet - est and
2. Oh, we cher - ish in mem - 'ry's bright store, Hap - py vi - sions no
3. In that land that is fair - est and best, Where no sor - row can
fair - est of flow'rs, On - ly blos - som - ing just for a day, On this
time can ef - face, Of the lost ones in glad days of yore, They who
ev - er be - tide, We shall lin - ger at last in sweet rest, With the
sor - row - ful earth - land of ours; They are go - ing from you and from
cheer us with beau - ty and grace; One by one they have fad - ed a -
dear ones a - gain at our side; We are wan - der - ing home one by
me, For no lon - ger with us could they wait; But we know in the
way, For no lon - ger on earth could they stay; But we know in some
one To that prom - ised land, wea - ry and late; And we know when our

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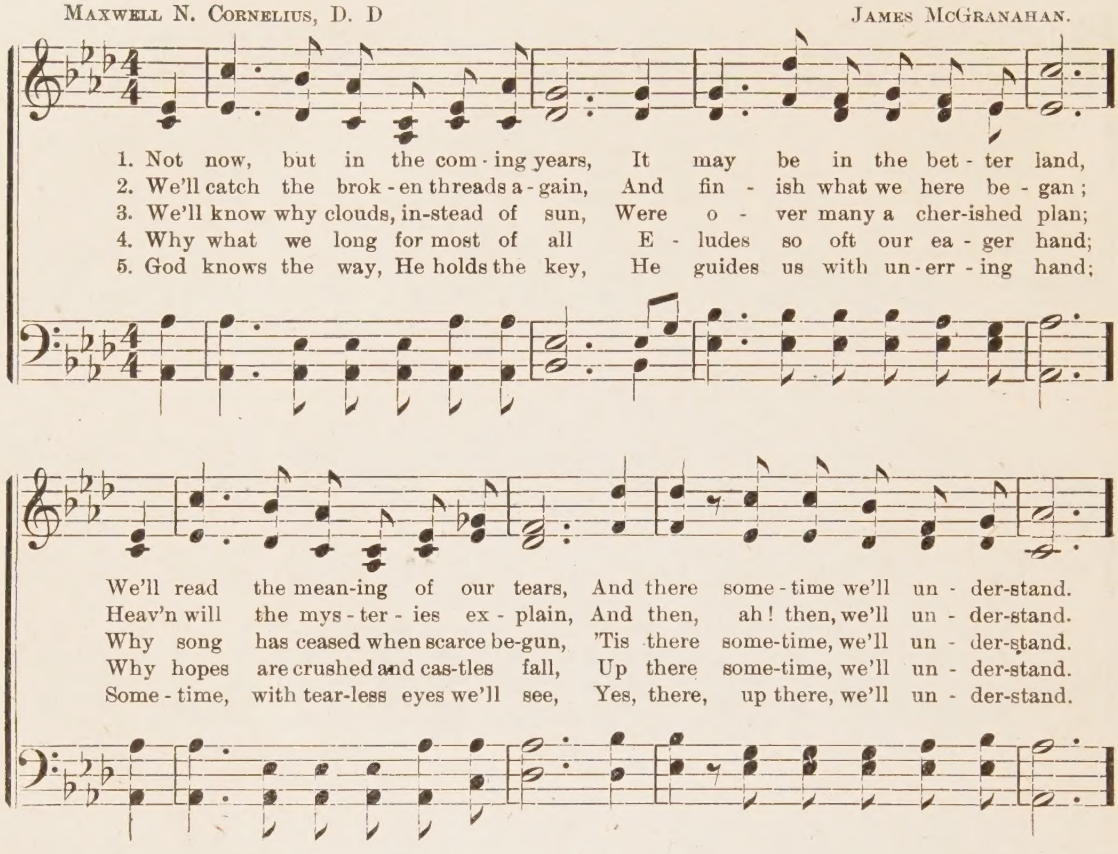
CHORUS.
glad days to be, We shall meet by the beau - ti - ful gate. We will
bright Sum - mer day, We will meet at the beau - ti - ful gate.
jour - ney is done, We shall meet by the beau - ti - ful gate. We will
meet by the gate, Where the an - gels our
meet by the gate, by the beau - ti - ful gate,
com - ing shall wait; We will cross o'er the
shall wait; We will cross o'er the tide To the
rit.
tide,..... We will meet by the beau - ti - ful gate.
sweet oth - er side, beau-ti - ful gate.

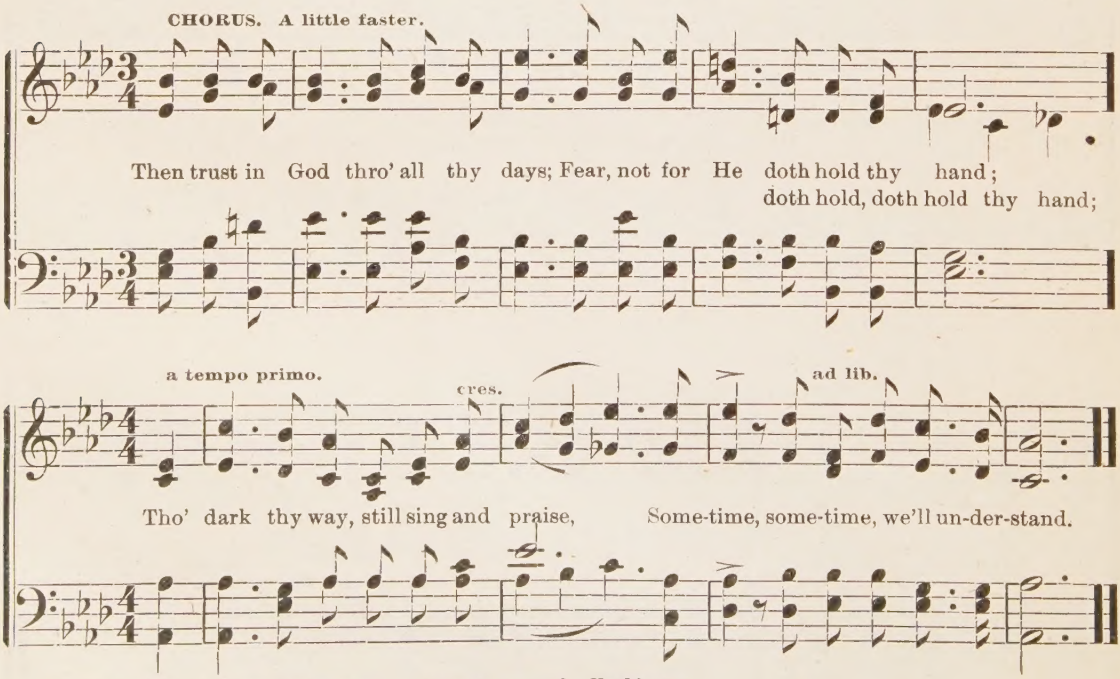
Sometime We'll Understand.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN 13: 7.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D. D

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Not now, but in the com - ing years, It may be in the bet - ter land,
2. We'll catch the brok - en threads a - gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
3. We'll know why clouds, in-stead of sun, Were o - ver many a cher-ished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err - ing hand;
We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there some - time we'll un - der-stand.
Heav'n will the mys - ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah! then, we'll un - der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce be-gun, 'Tis there some-time, we'll un - der-stand.
Why hopes are crushed and cas-tles fall, Up there some-time, we'll un - der-stand.
Some - time, with tear-less eyes we'll see, Yes, there, up there, we'll un - der-stand.


CHORUS. A little faster.
Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear, not for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold, doth hold thy hand;
a tempo primo.
cres.
ad lib.
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise, Some-time, some-time, we'll un-der-stand.

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She Has Gone.

HATTIE BISHOP WARREN.

C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. So soon thou art gone like a flow - er of spring, That lived in the sun-shine its
2. She has gone from us, now "a sun-beam with God," The cas - ket a - lone sleeps be -
3. She has gone in her beau - ty in si - lence to rest, Her robes must be spot - less, she
fra - grance to bring, But with - ered at noon - day in beau - ty to bloom, In the
neath the green sod, A - bove with the pure and the sin - less she waits, The
dwells with the blest, With us thro' life's path - way no lon - ger to roam, Our
CHORUS.
land of bright sum - mer be - yond the sad tomb. But there..... the star is
dear ones who en - ter the pearl - y white gates.
dar - ling has left us, but on - ly gone home. But there the star, the
wait - - ing By..... the riv - er side,
star is wait - ing By the beau-ti - ful riv - er side, riv - er side,
For heav - - en claimed our loved one, Since..... our dar-ling died.
For heav - en claimed, yes, claimed our loved one, Since our own dear darling died, dar-ling died.

I Will Meet You In the Morning.

J. B. V. To my class at Jacksonville, Texas. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We must shed the part - ing tear, And our hearts are sad and drear, But we'll meet a - gain some day, by and by; Let us look beyond the gloom, Where, trans-plant - ed, ros - es bloom, There we'll meet to part, no, nev - er, by and by.
2. Blessed hope our bea - con light, That will shine a - way the night, And will guide us safe - ly home, by and by; Nev - er - more to say fare-well, But with loved ones we shall dwell, Won't that be a hap - py meet - ing, by and by?
3. We will nev - er say good - by, In that home be - yond the sky; Will you meet me o - ver there, by and by? There no part - ing words are said, There no fare - well tears are shed, Will you meet me, will you meet me, by and by?
CHORUS.
I will meet..... you in that morn - - ing, I'll be wait - - - ing for you there, I will meet..... you in the
I will meet you, yes, I'll meet you, I will meet you o - ver there, waiting, I'll be watching, I will meet you o - ver there, I will meet you in that morning, I'll be

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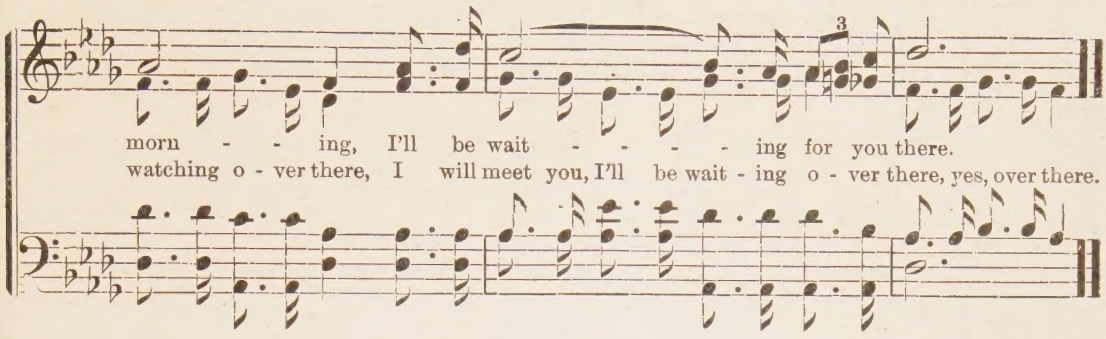

Sweet Memories.

MARGARET SANGSTER. C. V. STRICKLAND.

DUET.

1. They nev - er quite leave us, the friends who have passed Thro' the shad - ows of
2. The work which they left and the books which they read, Speak mute - ly, though
3. We, too, will go home o'er the riv - er of rest, As the strong and the
4. Till then we are bound by our love and our faith, To the saints who are
death to the sun - light a - bove; A thou - sand sweet mem-'ries are
still with an el - o - quence rare; And the songs that they sang, and the
love - ly be - fore us have gone; Our sun will go down in the
walk - ing in par - a - dise fair; They have passed be - yond sight at the
hold - ing them fast To the plac - es they blessed with their pres - ence and love.
dear words they said, Still lin - ger and sigh on the des - o - late air.
beau - ti - ful West, To rise in the glo - ry that cir - cles the crest.
touch-ing of death, But they live, like our - selves, in God's in - fi - nite care.

The Valley of Peace.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. J. Owen Long.

Duet for Alto and Tenor.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful val - ley of peace, Where the heart of the wea - ry may rest;
2. In that beau - ti - ful val - ley I know Wild clam - or is hushed in - to calm;
3. In the val - ley of peace I may hide, Where strifes of the world can-not mar,
4. In the val - ley of peace let me roam, With Je - sus, my "Staff" and my "Rod,"
Where tu - mult and tri - als shall cease, And those who are bur-dened be blest.
And walk - ing where still wa-ters flow, The sor - row-ing soul find-eth balm.
And where I will fol - low my Guide, My Hope and my glo - ri - ous Star.
Till I come to my heav - en - ly home, Whose build - er and mak - er is God.
QUARTET or CHORUS.
In the beau - ti - ful val - ley of peace, In the
the val - ley of peace,
beau - ti - ful val-ley of peace, My Sav - iour is there
the val - ley of peace,
ev - 'ry bur - den to bear, In the beau - ti - ful val-ley of peace (of peace).

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We Shall Meet Again.

JENNIE WILSON. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. We shall meet a - gain in the hap - py morning That ush - ers
2. We shall meet a - gain o'er the si - lent riv - er, Which swift - ly
3. We shall meet a - gain when the Sav - iour calls us In paths of
in e - ter - nal day, And in heav - en's light we will dwell for - ev - er,
flows by time's dim shore, In the glad a - bode that is free from sor - row,
par - a - dise to roam, And with souls re - deemed we will sing His prais - es,
CHORUS,
Where Je - sus wipes all tears a - way.
From those we love to part no more. We shall meet a - gain in the
Re - joic - ing in the death - less home.
hap - py morning, Which soon will dawn on earth - ly night; We shall meet a -
gain in the hap - py morning, When brok - en ties once more u - nite.

The Land Above.

MAHLON OLIPHANT. J. OWEN LONG.

Good as a Quartet.

1. I know there is a land a - bove This world of toil and care,
2. A land where flow's im - mor - tal bloom, And storms can ne'er an - noy,
3. O Beu - lah land! O home of light! O land of bliss un - told,
4. To wan - der by that riv - er side, And view that shin - ing shore,
And that earth's ran-somed ones shall meet In bliss - ful u - nion there.
E - ter - nal are its gates of peace, Un - bound - ed is its joy.
I long to join thy spot - less throngs, And walk thy streets of gold.
Where death is swal - lowed up in life, And naught can harm us more.
CHORUS.
I know, I know..... there is a land,.....
I know, I know a bliss - ful land,
Where we shall meet some day;..... Where we shall
some hap - py day;
meet and dwell with Christ the Lord Some bright and hap - py day.

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The Home O'er the Sea.

JENNIE WILSON. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. Drift-ing a - way from the shore of time, Loved ones pass on to a fair - er clime,
2. Nev - er a - gain in those mansions bright Fall - eth the dark-ness of earth - ly night;
3. Now for a while from our friends we part, Say - ing good-bye with an ach - ing heart,
Where they will dwell thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Safe in the home o'er the si - lent sea.
Nev - er a - gain will a part - ing word, There in that hap - py a - bode be heard.
But in the cit - y of life we'll meet, Sing - ing with joy at the Sav-iour's feet.
CHORUS.
Beau - ti - ful home o'er the si - lent sea, Beau - ti - ful home from all sor - row free,
There with the blest will our dear ones rest, Safe in the home o'er the si - lent sea.

Death is Only a Dream.

Rev. C. W. Ray. Music and Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem - u - lous breath As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest, In the bos - om of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide Doth the light of e -
mys - tic - al stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
Je - sus su - preme? In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
dis - mal may seem; In the arms of their Sav - iour no
ter - ni - ty gleam, And the ran - somed the dark - ness and
riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
pared for the blest, For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.
CHORUS.
On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo - ry be - yond the dark stream; How
p
m
peace - ful the slum-ber, How hap - py the wak-ing, For death is on - ly a dream.

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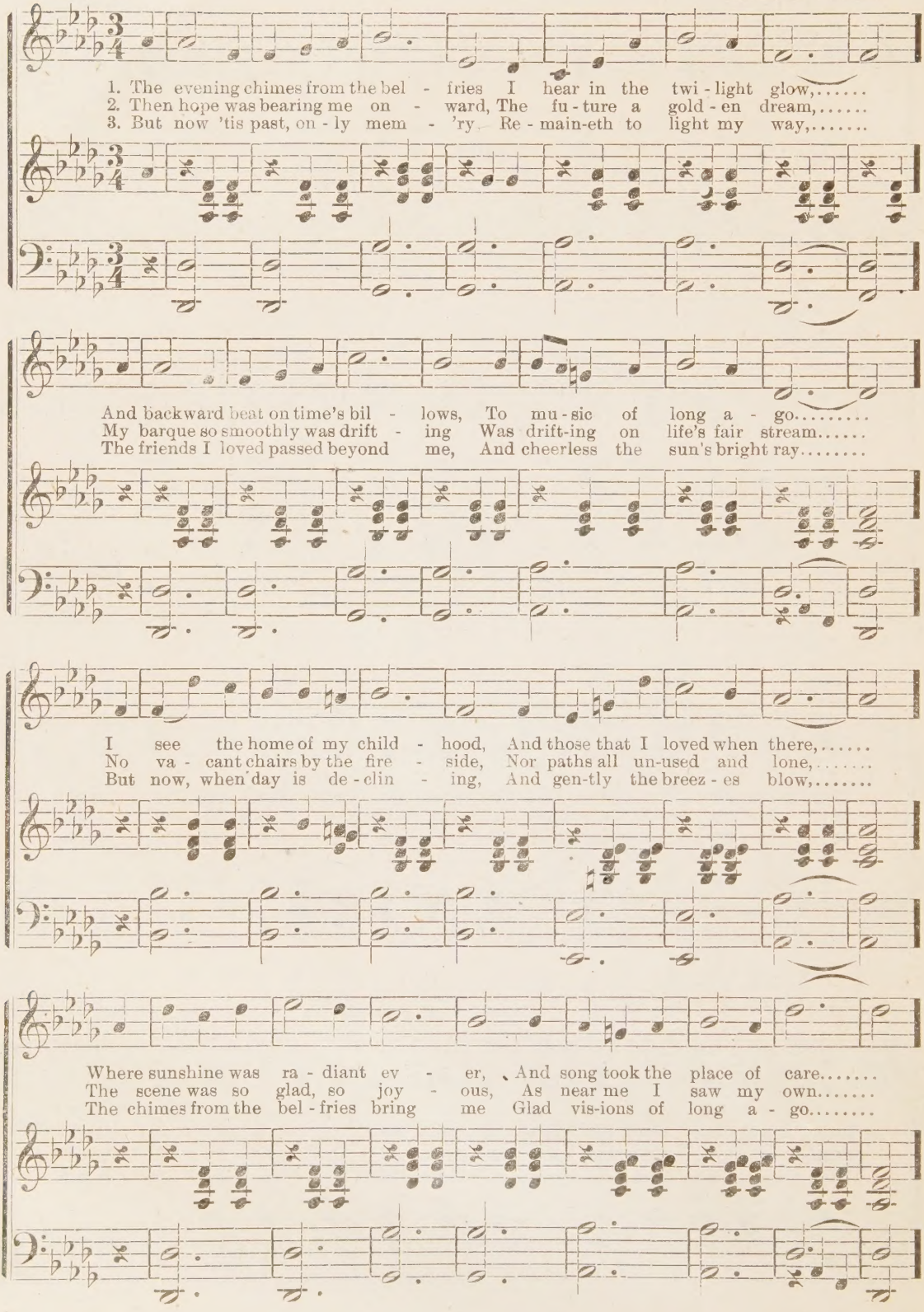
JOHN W. CHADWICK. "CHESTER."

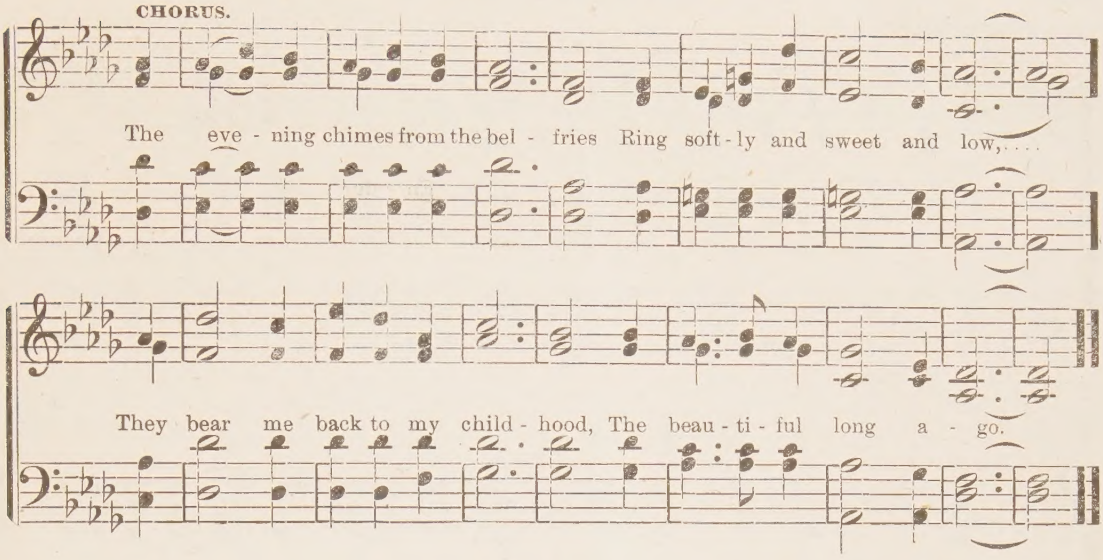
1. It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each and all,—
2. 'Tis hard to take the bur - den up, When these have laid it down;
3. More home - like seems the vast un - known, Since they have en - tered there;
A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
They bright - en'd all the joy of life, They soft - en'd ev - ry frown.
To fol - low them is not so hard, Wher - ev - er they may fare.
They throng the si - lence of the breast; We see them as of yore,—
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them, When we are trou - bled sore;
They can - not be where God is not, On a - ny sea or shore;
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
Thanks be to God that such have been, Al - tho' they are no more!
What - e'er be - tides Thy love a - bides, Our God for ev - er - more!

Evening Chimes

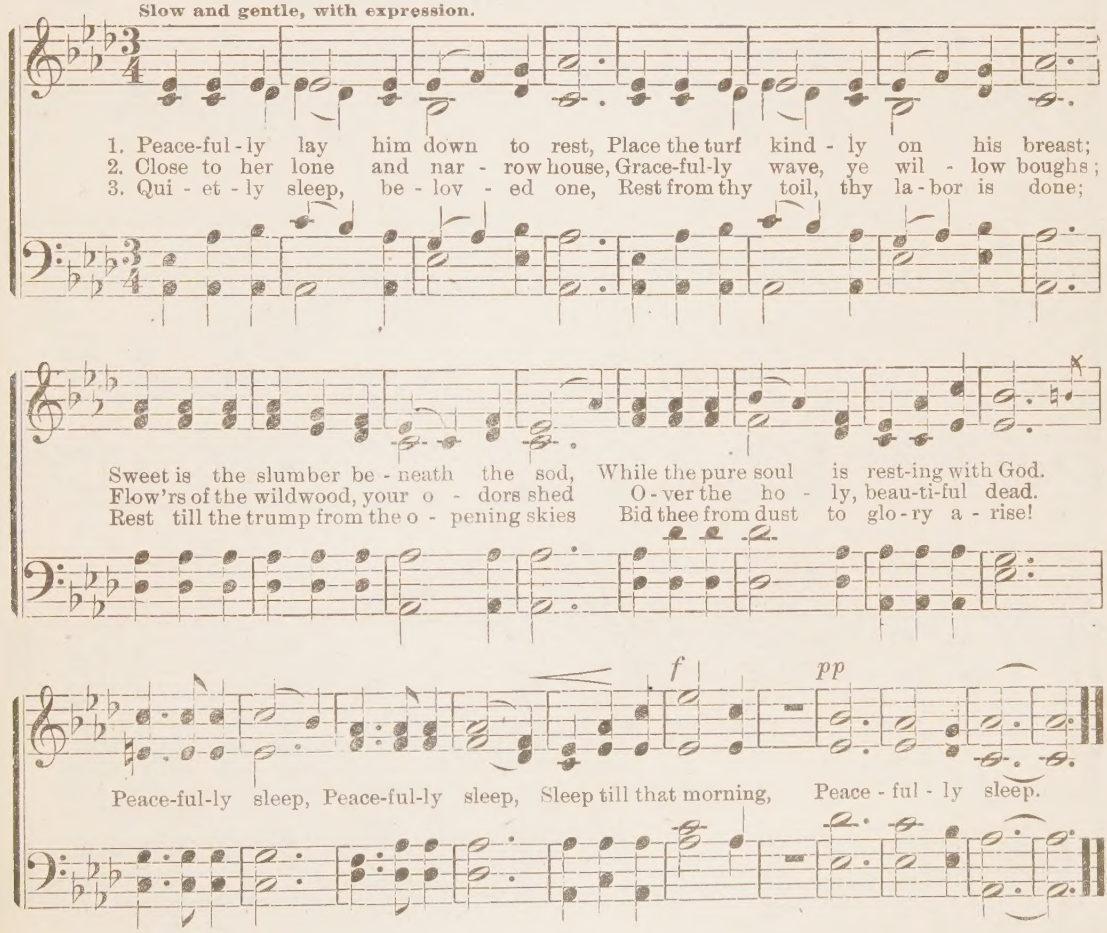
L. E. N.

Laura E. Newell.


1. The evening chimes from the bel - fries I hear in the twi - light glow,.....
2. Then hope was bearing me on - ward, The fu - ture a gold - en dream,.....
3. But now 'tis past, on - ly mem - 'ry Re - main-eth to light my way,.....
And backward beat on time's bil - lows, To mu - sic of long a - go.....
My barque so smoothly was drift - ing Was drift-ing on life's fair stream.....
The friends I loved passed beyond me, And cheerless the sun's bright ray.....
I see the home of my child - hood, And those that I loved when there,.....
No va - cant chairs by the fire - side, Nor paths all un-used and lone,.....
But now, when day is de - clin - ing, And gen-tly the breez - es blow,.....
Where sunshine was ra - diant ev - er, And song took the place of care.....
The scene was so glad, so joy - ous, As near me I saw my own.....
The chimes from the bel - fries bring me Glad vis-ions of long a - go.....


CHORUS.
The eve - ning chimes from the bel - fries Ring soft - ly and sweet and low,
They bear me back to my child - hood, The beau - ti - ful long a - go.

Peacefully Sleep.


Slow and gentle, with expression.
1. Peace-ful - ly lay him down to rest, Place the turf kind - ly on his breast;
2. Close to her lone and nar - row house, Grace-ful-ly wave, ye wil - low boughs;
3. Qui - et - ly sleep, be - lov - ed one, Rest from thy toil, thy la - bor is done;
Sweet is the slumber be - neath the sod, While the pure soul is rest-ing with God.
Flow'rs of the wildwood, your o - dors shed O - ver the ho - ly, beau-ti-ful dead.
Rest till the trump from the o - pening skies Bid thee from dust to glo - ry a - rise!
f
pp
Peace-ful-ly sleep, Peace-ful-ly sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peace - ful - ly sleep.

Asleep, My Darling.

JEAN LONDON. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. A - sleep at last, my dar - ling, Your bus - y feet at rest;
2. For days and weeks you suf - fered, En - dur - ing bit - ter pain;
3. We scarce - ly knew the mo - ment, So gen - tly did you go;
4. Those bless - ed arms of Je - sus, So ten - der and so strong;
Your hands, once fond - ly cling - ing, Now fold - ed on your breast.
Our hearts bled dai - ly, hour - ly, All ef - forts were in vain
Why should my tears be fall - ing, My heart be filled with woe?
Those arms that nev - er wea - ry, Al - though the way be long.
And though I gaze up - on you With ten - der, lov - ing eyes,
To ease you, pre - cious ba - by, So God His an - gel sent
"Safe in the arms of Je - sus," What need of moth - er now?
No pain, no grief, can touch you, In heav'n is per - fect bliss;
Andante.
No tears for you are fall - ing, You're now in Par - a - dise.
To car - ry back to heav - en The treas - ure He had lent.
And though I long to see you, To His dear will I bow.
And there my dar - ling ba - by A - waits his moth - er's kiss.

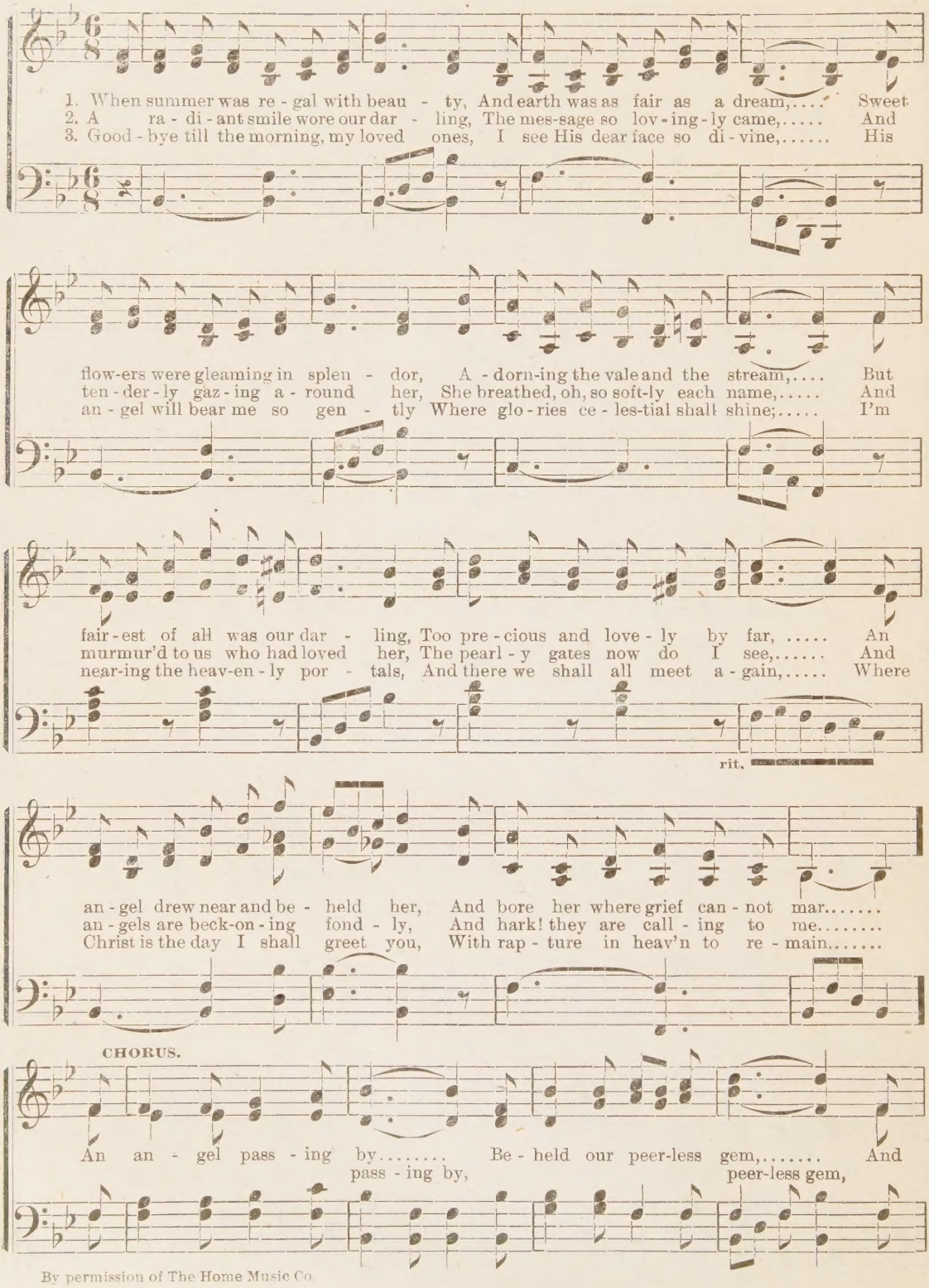
A Hymn of Trust.

C. V. STRICKLAND

1. We know not why our path seems hung with shad - ows, And ev - 'ry earth - ly
2. We know not how the bur - den will be lift - ed, The heav - y cross that
3. With eye of faith we look be - yond the shad - ows, With heart of hope we
hope to flee a - way, But there's a hand that meets ours in the dark - ness,
we have borne so long, But un - der-neath we feel, though faint and wea - ry,
lift the heav - y cross, There's One who knows it all, and He has prom - ised
CHORUS.
And hold - ing this we can - not stray.
The arm of God so sure and strong. We know not why, we
A heav'n - ly rec - om-pense for loss.
know not why, But some day we'll un - der - stand (un - der - stand),
Then we shall know as we are known, When we shall stand be - fore the throne.

An Angel Passing By.

LAURA E. NEWELL. L. M. GORDON.


1. When summer was re - gal with beau - ty, And earth was as fair as a dream,.... Sweet
2. A ra - di - ant smile wore our dar - ling, The mes-sage so lov - ing - ly came,..... And
3. Good - bye till the morning, my loved ones, I see His dear face so di - vine,..... His
flow-ers were gleaming in splen - dor, A - dorn-ing the vale and the stream,.... But
ten - der - ly gaz - ing a - round her, She breathed, oh, so soft-ly each name,..... And
an - gel will bear me so gen - tly Where glo - ries ce - les-tial shall shine;..... I'm
fair - est of all was our dar - ling, Too pre - cious and love - ly by far, ... An
murmur'd to us who had loved her, The pearl - y gates now do I see,..... And
near-ing the heav-en - ly por - tals, And there we shall all meet a - gain,..... Where
rit.
an - gel drew near and be - held her, And bore her where grief can - not mar.....
an - gels are beck-on - ing fond - ly, And hark! they are call - ing to me.....
Christ is the day I shall greet you, With rap - ture in heav'n to re - main.....
CHORUS.
An an - gel pass - ing by..... Be - held our peer-less gem,..... And
pass - ing by, peer-less gem,

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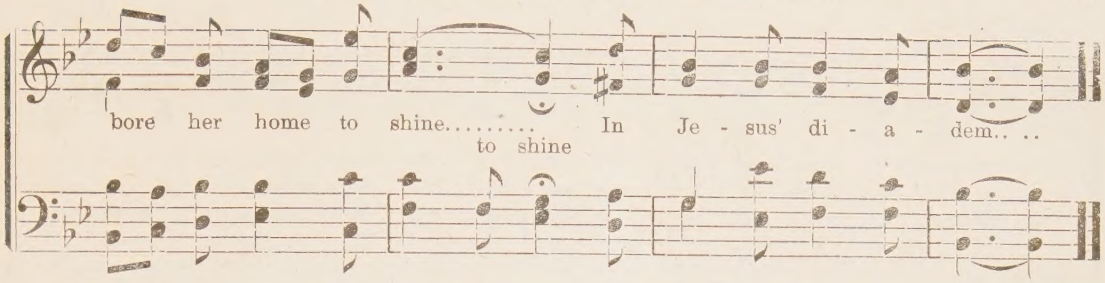


Crossing One By One.

W. G. Loucks. C. V. Strickland.

1. One by one a - cross the riv - er From the earth our loved ones pass—
2. One by one each home is bro - ken; Sad - ly does the va - cant chair
3. 'Neath the sod so close we lay them, Go from hence but to re - turn
4. Young and old are cross - ing ev - er,—You and I must cross ere long;
From the earth where suf - f'ring ev - er Comes to mar their hap - pi - ness.
Tell a tale with words un - spo - ken, That death's i - cy hand was there.
With an - oth - er like un - to them, For they're cross - ing in their turn.
Shall we live that we'll for - ev - er Reign with Christ and ran-somed throng.
CHORUS.
Cross - ing, cross - ing, yes, they're cross - ing, One by one they're cross-ing o'er;
Cross - ing, cross - ing, o'er the riv - er To the land where pain's no more.

Face To Face.

T. C. N. REV. T. C. NEAL.

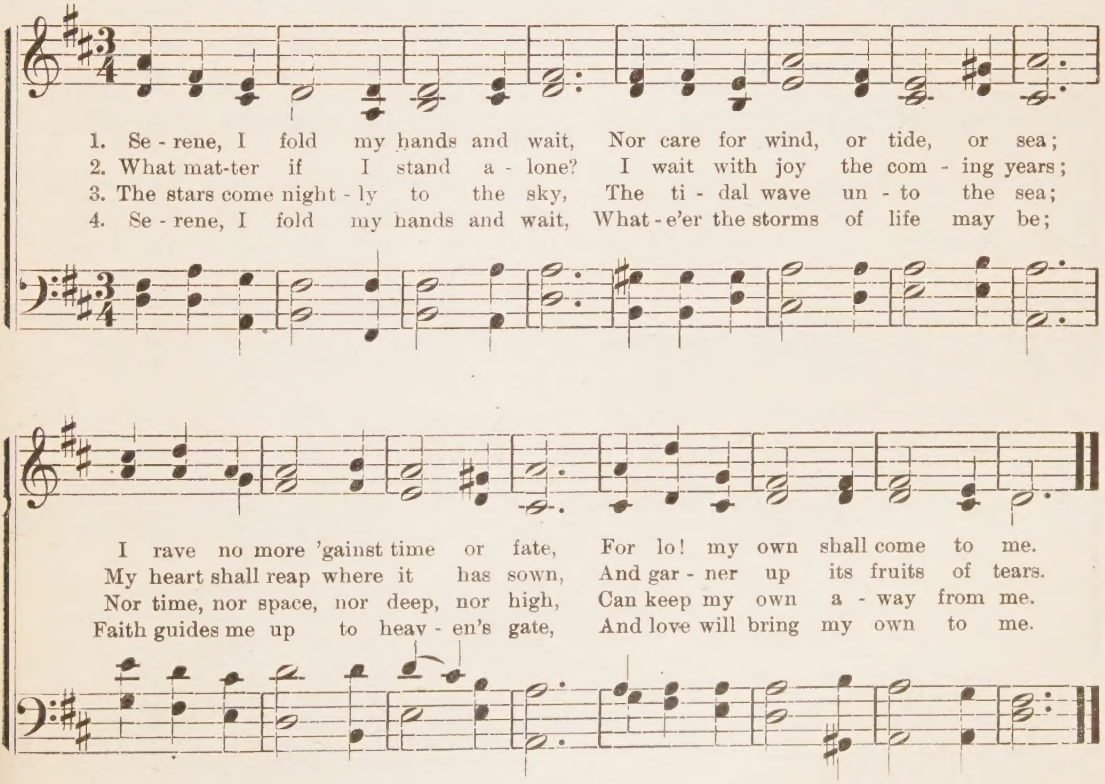
DUET.

1. Oh, the bliss - ful day is com - ing, Day of glo - ry, day of grace,
2. With my bless - ed, lov - ing Sav - iour, On that bright-er, bet - ter shore,
3. Then, my soul, look up to heav - en, For the clouds will roll a - way
When I shall be - hold my Sav - iour Face to face, yes, face to face;
I shall meet the ma - ny loved ones, Who have gone to Ev - er - more;
And all tri - als will be o - ver, When shall end life's lit - tle day;
In the pres - ence of the an - gels, Where the ran-somed have a place,
In the glo - ry far sur - pass - ing Hu - man woes I'll find a place;
Soon the bless - ed Lord will call me, Soon will end the earth - ly race,
I shall meet Him, I shall greet Him Face to face, yes, face to face.
I shall meet them, I shall greet them Face to face, yes, face to face.
Hap - py meet - ing, hap - py greet - ing, Face to face, yes, face to face.

CHORUS.
Face to face, yes, face to face, Through His match-less, bound - less grace,
rit.
I shall sing be - fore the King, I shall see Him face to face.

Waiting.

JOHN BURROUGHS. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.


1. Se - rene, I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
2. What mat-ter if I stand a - lone? I wait with joy the com - ing years;
3. The stars come night - ly to the sky, The ti - dal wave un - to the sea;
4. Se - rene, I fold my hands and wait, What - e'er the storms of life may be;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me.
My heart shall reap where it has sown, And gar - ner up its fruits of tears.
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own a - way from me.
Faith guides me up to heav - en's gate, And love will bring my own to me.

Life's Dream Is Past.

LAURA E. NEWELL. CHARLES L. STRICKLAND.

1. Life's fit - ful dream is end - ed, And peace is thine, so blest,
2. The path the an - gel bore thee We may not trace nor know,
3. Life's dream is past, be - lov - ed, For thee, and some glad day
An an - gel sealed thine eye - lids, And soft - ly whis - pered "rest."
Till we are called to join thee, Where life's fair wa - ters flow;
His voice will call us thith - er To glo - ries far a - way,
The Fa - ther called thee thith - er, To realms more bright and fair,
But He the word hath spo - ken That He His own will claim,
Where we shall greet the dear ones Be - yond the crys - tal tide,
And in the "ma - ny man - sions" At last we'll meet thee there.
God's word is nev - er bro - ken, But ev - er - more the same.
To dwell with joy for - ev - er, Where love and peace a - bide.

A Crown With Many Stars.

Lovingly inscribed to the memory of my friend, Rev. Mary A. Strickland.—LAURA E. NEWELL.

L. E. N. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. A crown with ma - ny stars, dear friend, Is thine be - yond earth's night;
2. 'Tis true our blind - ing tear - drops fall, For oh, our grief is sore!
3. A crown with ma - ny stars is thine; Thou, souls for Christ did win;
Where pain, nor cloud, no rap - ture mars, But all is pure de - light.
And yet we know the an - gels call To you we see no more;
His prom - ise is, "The wise shall shine;" To res - cue souls from sin
In yon fair land of per - fect day, You wait the ones you love;
Was hailed with joy, and hith - er borne, To realms more fair than this,
Was thy de - light, and gleam - ing still— For God while shone thy day,
Where ev - 'ry tear is wiped a - way, At home with Christ a - bove.
You left us for where none may mourn, But all is joy and bliss.
Thy will it was, to do His will, A - bid - ing in His way.

4 Dear heart, the way seems strangely dim,
Since thou hast journeyed on—
Past light and shade, to dwell with Him,
And greet the Easter dawn—
Beyond the touch of storm and pain,
Beyond earth's toil and tears,
To where we'll claim thee ours again,
Where time's not marked by years.

5 Until that morning dawns, farewell!
'Tis but a little ways,
Until we'll hold thee close again,
And unto God the praise;
Eternal life we'll know with thee,
When we are called to go,—
We'd pray "Father in heav'n, take me!"
And pass from scenes below.

Over the Stars Is Paradise.

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. O - ver the stars in par - a - dise, O - ver the jas - per sea,
2. Love with - out tears a - bides for aye, O - ver the jas - per sea,
3. O - ver the stars de - lights un - told, Rest, and the friends we love;
We shall a - bide for ev - er - more, Joy wait - eth you and me.
Glean - eth the end - less, per - fect day, Glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly.
Soon we shall en - ter heav - en's fold, Dwell in the home a - bove.
CHORUS.
Home, sweet home so fair, Death can - not en - ter there;
bless - ed home,
There we shall meet when lab - ors are done, Life's fi - nal con - quest won,
Meet nev - er - more in tears to roam, O - ver the stars is home.

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